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From every man according to his ability: to every one according to his need.

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Did ever mortal man hear tell of one singular a ferialie,
As the coming to Apia here of the painter, Mr Nerli?
He came; and O, for a hummer frouned, of a' he was the pearlie
The peak of a' the painter folk was surely Mr Nerli
He took a thraw to paint myself, he painted late & early;
O wow! the munny a yawn I've gained in the beard of Mr Nerli!
Whiles I would sleep an' whiles would wile, an' whiles was mair
Than surly.

I wonderd sair as I sat there foremost the eyes of Nerli:
O, will he paint me the way I want as bonny as a girlie
Or will he paint me an ugly tyke, and he daimned to Mr
Nerli."

But still and on and whichever it is he is a canty Kerlie.
The Lord ~~can~~ ^{will and much} protect the ~~best~~ of honest Mr Nerli

Vailima

Samoa.

Robert Louis Stevenson

Sept. 1892.

In August, 1892, Signor G. P. Nerli, the Italian painter, who has spent much of his time in the Pacific, paid a visit to "Vailima," the home of the late Robert Louis Stevenson at Apia, Samoa. One evening, while at supper with Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Signor Nerli expressed a desire to paint Mr. Stevenson's portrait.

"I am a very difficult subject," said Stevenson. "I have sat three times for Richmond, the R.A., and twice for Sargent, the well-known American artist. I would not discuss the merits of these as paintings, but they are failures from the point of likenesses. However, if you care to try, I will give you as many sittings as you like. But I am very doubtful of your success."

Signor Nerli was quite as doubtful. "The portrait," he says in a note, "gave me a great deal of trouble, as the subject was indeed difficult."

The painting is now in the keeping of McGregor Wright, Esq., of Wellington, New Zealand, where it has been on exhibition. The *Cosmopolitan* has reproduced it by the kind permission of the painter, through Mr. Wright, as well as a fac-simile of the impromptu verses with which he was presented on the occasion. Stevenson expressed himself as much pleased with the portrait, and declared it to be the best likeness yet painted of him.

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A PAINTING BY R. COLLIN, SHOWING A COSTUME OF 1891.

A CENTURY OF FASHIONS.

BY HENRI BOUCHOT.

STRONG-minded persons are apt to think that fashion is a very trivial thing, and if they give it any attention, it is simply to notice from day to day the fantasies or the pretty caprices of feminine attire. To-day there is one eccentricity of costume, to-morrow there is another, and both are adopted and discarded with equal unreason. But perhaps this is not quite correct. In reality, feminine dress is not a plaything that is adopted and discarded by chance, for it enters into the existence, harmonizes with the most generous tastes, is inspired by the surrounding tendencies, and has an important rôle in the episodes of daily life.

If Marie Antoinette one day decided to wear enormous hoop petticoats, it was because Queen Maria Leszczyńska had previously dressed herself in such heavy materials that it was impossible to wear them in summer without fatigue and annoyance. Two Englishwomen who came to Paris in those bygone days conceived that the hoop was worn for ventilation during the summer, and every woman heartily adopted it. I was told this fact by Marshal Richelieu, who lived in those times, and who amused himself by investigating the *raison d'être* of customs which were apparently without excuse.

Then came the craze we are all familiar with. Hoops—crinolines we should call them—were worn by every one, by figures in churches, by statuary in the public gardens, by actresses in Greek tragedies, by nuns, and, above all, by dancers, who have worn them ever since. When Marie Antoinette, of Austria, married the future king, Louis XVI., her husband had great trouble in reaching her

hand across the wide scaffolding of her skirts. When, after the birth of her children, she went to be churched at Notre Dame, she occupied by herself a large space in the nave, and appeared like a Montgolfier balloon fallen there and blocking up



MME. DE NAUZIERE, FROM A PAINTING BY DANLOUX.
A FASHIONABLE COSTUME UNDER THE TERROR, 1793-1800.

the way. Above these distended robes appeared a small and tightly laced figure; and her hair was built up into an enormous heap of powdered tufts, heightened by a scattering of pearls, and surmounted by the crown. She was almost to be pitied, it seemed so heavy and torturing. During half a century these styles were official, and the wearing of them was obligatory at all galas and ceremonies. A society

lady could no more go without them than she could attend a ball in our day in any other than a low-necked dress. When the craze did die out, the queen had a great deal to do with it; for, without her, no one would have dared to attempt a change.

Just before the Revolution, Marie Antoinette, of her own accord, overthrew these Draconian ordinances: she was not of a character to be dominated for any length of time by a point of coquetry. She and Bertin, her modiste, took pleasure in designing some of those lighter toiles that made it possible to move the arms and gave freer play to the body. At the



Mlle. de MONTGOLFIER, FROM A DRAWING BY INGRES, COSTUME OF THE CONSULATE, 1804.

Trianon she preferred the most simple dresses of muslin and cambric, plainly cut—those free *négligés* in which Madame Vigée-Lebrun painted her and displayed her to Parisian faultfinders. What a scandal! The queen of France in a night-dress! The queen who has disregarded our traditions is now making fun of our dress! Marie Antoinette was far from being loved, and unkind songs were

being sung about her; but, although she was disliked, her people could not help seeing how justified she was in refusing to be constrained by so inconvenient a fashion. The ladies still wore their enormous masses of hair and unwieldy hats, but they discarded the hoop petticoat. It disappeared everywhere, at church, in town, even from among the middle classes; so that when the engraver Debriou wished to reconstruct the Palais Royal with its motley crowd of coquettes and smartly dressed seigneurs, the hoop had quietly died out and been replaced by a slight *tournure*—a kind of farthingale that gave prominence to the hips, and produced an appearance of roguery and gayness.

It has been said that the return to antiquity began in France, but it is not true. The queen's example was still followed, for, although jokes were heaped upon her gaules and pagnes, justice was done to her reform. David, the great painter, irreconcilable enemy of royalty as he was, dressed the lovely Marquise de Pastoret and the wife of the chemist Lavoisier in the plain lawns that had been adopted by the queen.

When Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in the Temple she wore no hoops—indeed, she had banished them two or three years before. The queen, Madame Elizabeth, and the young princess Maria Theresa, were all dressed in flowing robes when they entered that gloomy tower. During the Revolution, when any women were arrested in this ridiculous attire, their monstrous hoops had to be beaten down before they could be put into the municipal wagon.

Marie Antoinette went to the scaffold dressed as a workingwoman, with a plain skirt, a thin neckerchief over her shoulders, and a common bonnet on her whitened hair. She could not have appeared more simply at the Trianon in the old days when, in the dairy, she dressed as a "fair milkmaid."

Then, when times grew stormy, when France had neither elegant nor high born women, nor opulence nor luxury of any sort, when the hetære, or the plain people, appeared in the time of the guillotine and emigration, it was in a travesty that coarsely replaced any toilet. Théroigne de Mericourt dressed herself as a



MME. VISCONTI, FROM A PAINTING BY GÉRARD. COSTUME UNDER THE EMPIRE, ABOUT 1810.

"free woman" in a short skirt, a belt, and a closely fitting coat, and walked the streets dressed in tatters and wearing the most warlike boots. Madame Roland designed the aristocratic costume, if I may so call it, the allegorical toilet of those feminine patriots who went everywhere uncloaked and even hatless, with their Girondin hair cut over the forehead and brought forward without any aristocratic powder or "ci-devant" jewelry, and falling over the back of the neck. When out walking, a man's hat was worn, such as was adopted by Camille Desmoulins, pointed in form, with a cockade and ribbons, and a large ivory or mother-of-pearl buckle in front. Then the waist was

raised in front by folds of tulle that brought the throat and bust into relief. Decked in this fashion the citizenesses took part in the popular festivals, burned the emblems of superstition and tyranny, attended the clubs, or visited the novelty shops. This attire was by no means ugly or uncomfortable, and upon a well shaped figure was most elegant and charming; the corsage à la Robespierre, open in front, showed an irreproachable white waistcoat, and the riding skirt that was worn with it was very neat and graceful. Madame de Staël wore this costume on her return to France, and so did Madame Tallien, who, at her soirées, wore the Roman tunics as rendered by David.

But as they appear in Boilly's pictures, or in a scene from Debricourt, or one of Danloux's delicate portraits, the ladies entirely changed their style in six months. They returned almost by instinct to luxury, and, without wishing to acknowledge it, they organized a new aristocracy. And what strange fashions they had! Most of them entertained but a narrow and vague conception of what was meant by riches, and made a too free use of tinsel brilliancy. Then they courted those who could make them shine, and developed a passion for carriages, horses, and hunting in their desire to outdo their rivals. They spoke as if they were princesses, and, in contradiction to their theories, revived the follies that had been banished and despised.

Two classes now arose: first, those who remained faithful to French fashions, but simply accommodated them to suit revolutionary tastes; second, those who, from love of Brutus and the Gracchi, dressed themselves out in Roman fashion, and disguised themselves à la Romaine at the balls, with gold bracelets round their arms, rings on their feet, and cameos hanging from their ears. The first class produced Charlotte Corday, Théroigne, and Madame Roland; the second gave Teresa Cabarrus and Mlle. Lange. This troop of Romans mixed with the crowd in the public gardens, and, after Thermidor, they became more prominent than ever. They grew affected in their poses and noticeable in their gestures, as they showed off the buskins laced around their ankles and threw over their arms the folds of their light tunics. The others, becoming more and more Parisian, were more natural: they chatted and flirted, and sat as models a thousand times to Boilly and Debricourt.

By the blending of the Parisian and the Roman, the Directory produced the "Merveilleuses." It is only necessary to mention this word to recall to the mind those feminine silhouettes that have been



FROM A MINIATURE BY AUBREY, SHOWING FASHIONABLE DRESS IN 1817, DURING THE RESTORATION.

reproduced a hundred times with their Grecian tunic, English spencer, patriot's collar, and an easy fitting cravat. It was the most astounding medley ever worn.

A description of their hats and modes of dressing the hair would alone fill a long chapter; in them was blended a little of the Jacobin, the Thermidorian, the Girondin, the noble, the trader, and of civil and military life. They bore on their heads all the glories of revolution. Their hair was cut à la Cornelia, à la Brutus, à la Pompey: it fell in locks and was brought over the ears and gathered into a club. Their chins were hidden in the ample folds of a neckerchief. Strangely enough, this fashion passed

from France into Prussia, where it was welcomed and adopted by Queen Louisa. There is a portrait of her by Dähling, clothed in this extravagant garb, and leaning on the arm of her husband, Frederick William.

But the craze for antique costume was carried even farther than this. Fashionable ladies clothed themselves in flesh-colored tights, and appeared like statues under a diaphanous veil of transparent tulle spangled with gold. The story goes that three women were seen in the Palais Royal in such costumes, and it is quite probable. It was the fashion, and fashion—even during Revolutionary times—rules the world. Mlle. Lange adopted this garb, and was followed by many simple-minded bourgeois and many actresses. The greenroom of the Montansier theater held for a time the pick of these animated statues, who did not even excite surprise, so common had the fashion become.

The strangest sight was to see anglomania walking hand in hand with antiquity; and the unintentional blending of modern English luxury with erudition. A coquette would have her Cornelian robe, but she would throw over it the short spencer of an English lady and carry a jockey's cap on her head. No sooner had Josephine married Bonaparte than she adopted the English fashions. She went riding on a bay horse in an androgynous cos-

tume—half jockey and half Roman matron. This was the time—and it is not a century ago—that the waist was worn so high that, for many, there was no waist at all. Fashion pretended that it was a revival of Greek esthetics, and appealed to Phidias. It was in reality nothing more than the former exaggerated cor-sages,—somewhat diminished in size, it is true,—and Greece had nothing whatever to do with it.

The Directory was the time of the most exaggerated follies. No bounds were kept by its hastily constructed society, composed of rich stock-jobbers and parvenus, all full of the insolence of newly acquired riches. Waiters would risk their savings at the Bourse and go away either ruined or millionaires. If they were successful, the morrow saw them buying horses, a country house, and every appanage of wealth and fortune; they had hardly time to trim themselves and take a lesson from a dancing-master in the art of deportment. Their want of manners was constantly showing itself, but they were very quickly polished,—the women especially,—except in the matter of dress. A trained eye could detect immediately whether a woman came from the old middle class, or whether she was a grisette who had suddenly grown rich. The grisette would cover herself with spangles, and wear toques, straw-colored spencers, and heron's plumes;



MME. DE MIRBEL, FROM A MINIATURE BY CHAMP-MARTIN, SHOWING DRESS WORN ABOUT 1830.

even when walking she would carry a horsewhip; her shoes would be of yellow satin, and her gloves a bright violet. If she dared to go on horseback, she would affect a foolish gallop and cling to the horse's mane; it was for her sake that a strap was invented to hold her in the saddle and keep her from falling.

In fact, "good taste," during these five or six years of republican government,

clung to the body as though they had been dampened. A long and narrow oriental shawl was often worn as a scarf and thrown carelessly over the arm and shoulders. But England still triumphed: the lisping, r-less speech of English misses was imitated, for to be languid was to be fashionable.

But it was the minor accessories of dress that were now developed and perfected. Every lady carried a fan, and sometimes a cane, a pocket looking-glass, and a hundred costly and useless trinkets. Never before had Frenchwomen been so bewitching, so elegant, and so many sided in their luxury. They would have swallowed pearls like Cleopatra, or eaten a dish of flamingoes' tongues,—if they had known that such birds existed. But, on the other hand, they were entirely lacking in those first rudiments of taste that are implied in the cultivated simplicity of the genuine aristocrat. This tawdry display was entirely due to the state of the time. At the theater, to which the light-headed beauties of the day went in open carriages, preceded and



A PORTRAIT BY DE KINSON, SHOWING THE FASHION IN 1839.

was nothing better than a horrible cacophony. Porcupine chignons bristled on the sweetest feminine heads, black crepons and hats à la Lisbeth, "Primerose" cloaks—so called after a provençal play in which Saint-Aubin was appearing—were worn. Then the Titus was established, and its fortune was to be a singular one; in this style the hair was closely cut, and one or two locks were left loosely curling over the forehead. The dresses now became more and more flowing, and

followed by outriders and jockies, they talked at the top of their voices, regardless of taste and good grammar; the more prudent attended the soirées given by the Directory, and dined with Barras, where some of the guests at least retained the traditions of good manners, and knew how to behave at table and bear themselves with the deportment of good society. The actors, however, were in favor of the old customs, and did all they could to revive them. Did not Talma instruct

the hero of Italy in the adoption of proper and dignified attitudes?

We find better taste, however, when we come to the time of the Consulate. There was much less folly and, in official salons, many judicious and well-dressed women were to be met, who knew how to talk and how to listen.

When the exiled nobles returned to France, they kept exclusively to themselves. Still, it was possible to gain admittance to their society; and Madame Bonaparte, when she visited the Marquise de Montesson, the morganatic widow of the Duc d'Orléans, father of Philippe Égalité, had an opportunity to observe the tone that had prevailed at the ancient court, and at the same time could take notice of the manner in which the house was conducted,—a very profitable lesson for her.

Josephine's example soon made it apparent that there were two classes of women in society,—those who could dress well and those who could not. It was at this time that Leroy gained his ascendancy in the world of fashion. He was one of the oddest characters imaginable, and had been an artist before he became a milliner. Familiar, insolent, garrulous, and full of vices, he was hated, but indispensable, for, if one had not been through the renowned ateliers of this Worth, one could not claim to be dressed with perfect grace. Still, Leroy was not lacking either in taste or in knowledge; he stood his customers on a platform and turned and

studied them until he was able to correct all the imperfections of their figures. Being at once a painter and a sculptor, he excelled in the choice of shades most advantageous to the complexion, and Josephine de Beauharnais owed to him some of her most splendid triumphs.

Leroy had taken as his assistant a draftsman, Auguste Garneray, who drew his inspiration from classic times, and transformed the ancient tunic to suit the taste of the wearers of his day. So the

garb of a Roman matron was then adopted and worn by a duchess in the very height of fashion. Garneray got his ideas at the museum, for the light dresses were elaborately embroidered with flowers, friezes, and fret-work. Madame Baudoin employed quite an army of women at this work, many of whom were surpassingly clever. Some of this beautiful work may be seen in the portraits by Gérard, at Versailles; on the corsages of Pauline Borghese, the dresses of Catherine of Wurtemberg, or the court mantle

of Madame Bacciochi. The decoration is marvelously delicate. I have just discovered Leroy's journal, in which he entered the details of these rare and costly toilets, and in naming his imperial and royal customers he gives a glimpse at some of their weaknesses. But the long, spindle shape that he gave his dresses was taken from the types of the Directory, and followed the then reigning tendency to revive the garb of heroic ages. Antiquity fascinated them on account of



MME. ANDRÉ, FROM A PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER.
A BALL DRESS IN 1848.

its heroes, and the heroes were admired on account of their prowess in war. Everything had its connections, and Leroy was the intermediary between a skirt and the victory of Marengo.

Nevertheless, it is difficult for us to get into touch with the styles of this period. The costumes worn in "Madame Sans-Gêne" are a proof of this, for they present to us neither the spirit, the haughty character, nor the strangeness of this attire. Some specimens have been preserved through engravings, and we can see how untrustworthy are these theatrical revivals. We have, for instance, a portrait by Gérard of Madame de Talleyrand in her boudoir. It is a perfect example of a highly bred lady of the First Em-

pire, not without a reminiscence of the Directory, however, in the tights, the transparent gauze, and the finely drawn waist. Whether we take her or Madame Visconti, — a healthy, but well-dressed heroine, as we see her in Gérard's picture, — or the demoiselle de Montgolfier, drawn by Ingres during a visit to Rome, or Prud'hon's Josephine, or David's Madame Récamier, we shall find them, — lovely creatures as they are, — to be as different from our modern revivals as is the Empress Eugénie from Marie Antoinette. In reality these fine ladies of the empire were extremely good looking, with the simplicity of high breeding and a charm full of life that the theater will never be able to recall.



A PORTRAIT BY DUBUFE, SHOWING A COSTUME OF ABOUT 1855.

The fashions resembled the times that produced them: The women who wore them were the first in the world, their husbands were fighting Europe everywhere, and imposing at once their arms and their tastes. At the signing of each peace, Leroy, the dress-maker, sent to the four corners of the earth a stock of the furbelows worn at the French court, — to Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and even as far as Turkey. When the grand duchesses, the daughters of the czars, were married, their trousseaus were embroidered by French hands. Queen Louisa, of Prussia, had her duly appointed purveyor on the Parisian boulevard. The English alone were excepted, for the emperor applied his system of blockade even in matters of fashion.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE AFTER HER MARRIAGE. FROM A PAINTING BY WINTERHALTER.
SHOWING A COSTUME OF 1855.

But, on the other hand, as French co-quettes grew fond of that which it was difficult to get, they took a fancy for English garments, and wore the spencers, jockey sleeves, riding habits, and even the shoes of their neighbors.

A grave question now arose—that of cashmeres, and the shawl became indispensable and remained so for more than half a century. The Parisians adopted

it by order to please the master, and then made it the most important article of their dress, wearing it everywhere, indoors and out, even at balls. The emperor happened to mention that Ternaux was doing excellent work, so Ternaux's shawls were bought, but those coming from the Orient were purchased whenever they could be obtained. A woman was known by the manner in which she wore her shawl. If

she belonged to society she had a distinguishing way of throwing it over her back and letting it fall around her waist. A few years hence, and the Restoration will find it the principal article of feminine attire; and when the Duchesse d'Angoulême comes back, a shawl will be presented to her by the ladies of France.

When we consider the attractiveness of the preceding periods, this Restoration is like darkness succeeding light. The emigrants, on their return, wore the styles of the empire that they had probably adopted in England and Germany during the period of their exile. The smartest of them may be seen in Isabey's water-color, "The Staircase of the Louvre," and in some of Gérard's portraits, and they belong, decidedly, to the styles of the empire. The Duchesse de Berry, who came from Sicily

in 1816 to marry the son of the Comte d'Artois, looked so strikingly like the former empress Maria Louisa, that the people were astonished by the resemblance. The likeness was not only in her face, but her dresses, her jewels, and her styles were all those of the dethroned empress.

During the ten years from 1815 to 1825 the tastes of the imperial court, even to its furniture, were adopted by the new nobility. The costumer Leroy merely changed his bill-heads, and from being purveyor to her majesty the empress queen, became purveyor to their highnesses the royal princesses. But the straightened fortunes of these returned exiles made it necessary for them to count every penny, so they naturally gave their orders to the more modest dressmakers.

The Duchesse de Berry tried to put a little life into the torpor of this resigned and grief-stricken society, for her veins were full of the Neapolitan joy of life. She loved fêtes, dresses, and the multitudinous luxuries of a fine toilet. She very quickly changed the prevailing fashion of wearing long skirts and short waists to their opposites, of long waists and diminished skirts. There was now a marked improvement from year to year. The tiny puff of material that had been worn on the sleeves became gradually larger and larger, until the leg-of-mutton sleeve made its appearance. The sleeves were at first simple and flowing, and attached to a silk blouse, but very soon they were made separately and stuffed with wadding or an interior framework to preserve their exaggerated form.

The fashions changed after 1825 and the coronation of Charles x. Hats became large, flowery, and overflowing. The shoulders were encased in two wings,—these were the sleeves,—and the body was so tightly compressed that the small waist would have excited the envy of a wasp. Below this was a bell-shaped skirt, hardly reaching the ankles, and exposing a tiny foot encased in a narrow and pointed clog. The large sleeves excited considerable controversy. It was maintained that they originated with Francis I., with Lucrezia Borgia, with Marie de Médicis, and the romanticism of the time embittered the discussion. Neither the revolution of 1830, nor the feminine con-



THE FASHION IN 1866,
FROM A PAINTING BY JAMES TISSOT.

"THE TWO SISTERS," FROM A PAINTING BY TOULMOUCHE, SHOWING COSTUMES OF 1879.



quests of the Orléanist régime, were able to dethrone these deformed and unbecoming appurtenances. They ruled the court of Louis Philippe, were worn by the queen, the princesses, the middle classes, and especially the actresses, who donned them in Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules."

We have some strange portraits taken at this time. The hair was twisted in the most appalling fashion, and, mounted on brass wire, it was worked up into monstrous shapes, such as masts, torches, cushions, or fans. Although this

by Daumier, or in Grandville's zoöomorphic lithographs. A fashionable woman was altogether deformed and without equipoise. Her body counted as nothing, for it was lost in a mass of padding, puffs, exaggerated sleeves, and streaming ribbons. It looked as if a breath of wind would carry the whole thing away.

Without any apparent motive, except a desire for change, the leg-of-mutton sleeves and bell-shaped skirts went out of fashion about 1842, and, as was to be expected, their fall was thorough and permanent. Everybody now hated their

unnatural fullness, and a year after no one would have dared to defend them. The hair became suddenly smooth and was worn in flattened bands. Hats were diminished into close bonnets that surrounded the face, the bust was made as long as possible, and the skirt fell from the hips over the feet.

When the Duc d'Orléans was married, all Europe had adopted these Parisian innovations, and the princess of the house of Mecklenburg came from Germany wearing flat headbands of the latest style. Some time before this, the Queen of England, on her visit to France, had dressed after this fashion in a plaid traveling costume and a bonnet that concealed her features.

Times were not now as bad as they had been, for it was the age of Gavarni, lorettes and lions, the halcyon days of the Opera balls, and of popular receptions at the Tuileries. Society had settled down, and fortunes were being built up. Consequently, lit-



MME. TOULMOUCHE, FROM A PAINTING BY TOULMOUCHE, SHOWING MORNING COSTUME OF 1868.

was light and airy enough in itself, its heavy and exaggerated appearance entirely destroyed the harmonious proportions of the body. These extremes are best seen in such caricatures as the designs by Henri Monnier, in the coarser sketches

erature and art were flourishing in every way. The women that we catch a glimpse of in portraits by Winterhalter, or Leon Noël, wealthy and non-chalant, were those that suggested romances to George Sand, Dumas, and Frédéric Soulié, and they inspired Gervais in his best "Fourberies," and Beaumont in his sparkling sketches of fashionable life. Entirely romantic, they encircled their faces with fillets in the manner of Ophelia, and wore many-colored ribbons instead of flowers.

It was thus that Rachel appeared in her modern rôles, and such were the beauties whose features have been preserved by Winterhalter,—the Princesse d'Orléans, Hélène de Mecklenburg, the Duchesse d'Aumale, and the Duchesse de Montpensier. It was the triumph of lace and the reign of cambric and muslin, but plumes and embroidery made marvels of them that were dearer than pearls or diamonds.

In 1848, there was another change, and for the future there was to be a transformation every eighteen years. There was a social upheaval, and a stern republican government arose, but its fate was speedily decided. Democracy wore itself out in three years, and monarchy was reinstated, partly through surprise, and partly through sheer lassitude.

This was the Second Empire, and many hopes were revived by it. It opened up a field for the parvenus, for the well-to-do, and, what was more advantageous, for the



FROM A PAINTING BY DUBUFE, SHOWING THE FASHION IN 1873.

descendants of the first Bonapartist generation. Prince Louis Napoleon was the second who had picked the crown out of the gutter and worn it cavalierly on his head. He was of warlike descent, rode well, carried a uniform excellently, and had his court all ready for him. It was a court of women who were young, audacious, and pretty, who brought nearly unchanged from one reign to another their appetites and their ambitions. They were soon led to luxury and sumptuary extravagance. Winterhalter was still living, and his former models had simply modified their old garb, swollen their headbands, enlarged their dresses, and hollowed out their stays. More thought than ever was given to joy and festivity.

When, from among so many pretty women, the emperor, Napoleon III., chose as his empress a splendid Spanish beauty of good family, it was very reasonably expected that the gaiety would not come to an untimely close.

On the day of her marriage the young sovereign appeared sparkling in lace and precious stones. The gimps of her corsage were composed of the crown diamonds, and her skirts were embroidered with priceless jewels. On her head was a bewitching diadem, and the whole of her dress, from her veil to the flounces of her skirt, was rich with the rarest lace imaginable.

There was nothing to foreshadow that the hooped fencing of the crinoline—which had disappeared more than ten years before—would again impose itself on the fashionable world, and bring the higher classes back to the amplitude of the eighteenth century.

The change was gradual; at first it was but an underskirt of horsehair to support the fabrics of the dress. At the suggestion of the dressmakers, and also through a revulsion from the simplicity that had preceded and a desire to conform to the baroque then in fashion, it was worn larger from season to season.

Finally the time came when the sovereign found the doors of the Tuileries too narrow for her. The Duchesse de Monchy, as photographed by Disderi, would indeed have astounded the marshals of the First Empire. This taste undoubtedly came from a desire to return to the rococo of Louis XV. and the gracefulness of Madame de Pompadour; the empress also had probably a lurking desire to recall to her people the Queen Marie Antoinette of the good old times. Metal was very soon substituted for horsehair, because it was stronger and more pliable, and consequently better adapted to support the heavy fabrics of which walking dresses were then made. But it was at balls that crinolines were most inconvenient, as they necessitated a deportment altogether peculiar to the occasion, with contortions of the body and a peculiar manner of sitting down. In a carriage they were all pervading, and buried those who sat near in a cloud of spreading and unmanageable skirts. When the empress was seated on the throne in her royal robes, there was

but small space left for her husband. She appeared above these overflowing furbelows, small, slender, and admirably formed.

At Fontainebleau, where the court spent its *villeggiatura*, it was like a return to the times of Brantôme, when the ladies of the *Petite Bande* sauntered on the green lawns in their enormous bell-shaped farthingales. Only the head-dress was different; for flexible rice straw hats with large brims had been suddenly adopted, as we see in Winterhalter's celebrated portrait of the empress.

This lasted until 1867. These fashions had spread throughout the whole of Europe, from London to the Bosphorus, from Christiania to Naples. Queen Victoria had worn them during her visit to France in 1855; the Queen of Spain adopted them; they were the style in Russia, and were even displayed by the Duchesse de Berry, now grown old and half forgotten.

Suddenly, in 1867, Madame von Metternich, who was then the high priestess of fashion, decreed the death of the crinoline. New playthings were needed, even if there were no other reason. So thoroughly did the styles change that in six months the crinoline became despised and ridiculous, and was looked upon as the most execrable of follies.

Without any appreciable transition came the frock dresses, short skirts with serrated edges, small Benoiton hats borrowed from one of Sardou's plays, and tasseled boots. But yesterday the style had been all puffed and swollen; now the dresses were thrown into contrast by such somber shades as puce, black, dark brown, or deep blue.

The war with Germany swept over these changes, and the nation congratulated itself that it had overthrown the monarchy and established a republic. For at least a year ladies wore mourning for the fatherland—a fashionable mourning of piquant draperies, with underskirts and long mantles. The waists were cut very short and the hats were diminutive; but the hair flowed in ringlets over the shoulders and curl papers had their day. This was the time when Sainties painted so many pretty widows weeping in cemeteries, and when the paintings at the Salon gave rise to a feeling of meditation and sadness. Feminine dress became humble and re-



FROM A PAINTING BY G. CLAIRIN. STREET DRESS IN 1886.

served ; there was nothing smart or joyful about it, and during six years at least it remained heavy, formal, and morose.

The outline has again changed. The waist is short, the train is lengthened, and even the most fashionable ladies wear expressions at once theatrical and solemn. Carolus Duran, usually most susceptible to joyous and lighter tones, constrains his talent and gives us an austere painting of Madame Rattazzi. Only Toulmouche and Firmin-Guiard attempt a brighter tone ; but their fashionable women are puffed up and surrounded by ungraceful flounces, and wrapped in tournures and melancholy trains. The fashion runs to aprons falling low in front and held up at the hips like a window-blind, and to hats tilted over the forehead and lying on a marvelously built up chignon. All this has gone out, and it will take another twenty years for these styles again to appear acceptable to us.

The Paris Exposition of 1878 marked a

time of compression and depression, when it was thought proper to squeeze and twist oneself and one's figure. Thanks to the cosmopolitan gathering then in Paris, these caprices spread throughout the world. This style necessitated the adoption of constrained gestures, a deliberate walk and discretion in every movement. The skirts were drawn in at the bottom, and rendered a quick gait impossible. This style may be seen in the minor figures of Grévin, with the bust thrown forward and the lower part of the body held back. The head now lost its pompousness and shrunk into a mere nothing, but it still retained the semblance of a chignon worn low on the back of the neck, and a few scattered curls clustered on the forehead. Very soon even these curls fell and were cut "à la chien." I use the vulgar expression because it is the only one known, and looking back from to-day, it is surprising that fashionable women could have allowed themselves to be led into such folly. Nevertheless, every one of them, high, low, or of middle rank, came to it—the Comtesse de Paris first of all. Since the "fétus" of the First Empire, and the "giraffes" of the Restoration, no coiffure had ever attained such artificiality, or so demonstrated the sheep-like nature of the middle classes.

During the last seven or eight years, puffed sleeves have again come into fashion, but this revival is not in honor of 1830 or the Duchesse de Berry, but rather through admiration of the Preraphaelite ladies of Florence and Ferrara. Skirts are designed after Botticelli's "Primavera," the hair is worn "à l'ange," and fine dress fabrics are rumpled in the style of the quattroccentists. The glorious creatures of Raphael Collin are direct descendants of Sandro the Divine.

Such is the world : we copy, we transform, but we do not invent. Costume is a purely natural manifestation of sentiments and feelings. A race that is sure of life is almost always calm in its esthetics ; but the Decadents, on the contrary, exceed all bounds in their follies, and call in the Barbarians—those Barbarians that the lovely Romans entertained one day as they reclined on their couches decked in the splendor of their golden robes.



FROM A PAINTING BY DUBUFE.
EVENING DRESS IN 1873.



A ROMANCE OF CLOVELLY.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

WE had been coaching in Wales: the Angel, Mrs. Angel, Tommy (the heir-apparent), Atlas, and myself. We had journeyed by easy stages from Liverpool through Carnarvon, Llanberris, Penygwyrd, Bettws-y-Coed, Beddgelart, and Tan-y-Bulch. Arriving finally at Dolgelly, we sent the coach back to Carnarvon and took the train to Ross,—the gate of the Wye,—from whence we were to go down the river in boats. As to that, everybody knows Simond's Yat, Monmouth, Raglan Castle, Tintern Abbey, Chepstow; but at Bristol a brilliant idea took possession of the Angel's mind. Long after we were in bed o' nights the blessed man interviewed landlords and studied guide-books that he might show us something beautiful next day, and above all, something out of the common route. Mrs. Angel didn't like common routes; she was an old traveler and wanted her appetite tickled with new scenes.

At breakfast we saw the red-covered

Baedeker beside the Angel's plate. This was his way of announcing that we were to "move on," like poor Jo in "Bleak House." He had already reached the marmalade stage, and while we discussed our bacon and eggs and reviled our coffee, he read us the following:

"Clovelly lies in a narrow and richly-wooded comb descending abruptly to the sea."

"Any place that descends to the sea abruptly or otherwise has my approval in advance," said Tommy.

"Be quiet, my son."—"It consists of one main street, or rather a main staircase, with a few houses climbing on each side of the comb so far as the narrow space allows. The houses, each standing on a higher or lower level than its neighbor, are all whitewashed, with gay green doors and lattices."

"Heavenly!" cried Mrs. Angel. "It must be an English Amalfi; let us take the first train."

—"And the general effect is curiously foreign; the views from the quaint little pier and, better still, from the sea, with the pier in the foreground, are also very striking. The foundations of the cottages at the lower end of the village are hewn out of the living rock."

"How does a living rock differ from other rocks—dead rocks?" I asked, facetiously. "I have always wanted to know; however, it sounds delightful, though I never heard of Clovelly in my life."

"Did you never read Dickens' 'Message from the Sea'?" asked Tommy, with impertinent surprise. Tommy is a youth who has many years to wait for his first mustache, but who knows the number of acres in Central Park, the date when North Carolina was admitted to the Union, why black sheep eat less than white ones, the height of the highest mountain and the length of the longest river in the world, when the first potato was dug from American soil, when the battle of Bull Run was fought, who invented the first fire-escape, how woman suffrage has worked in Wyoming, the number of trees Mr. Gladstone has chopped, the principle of the Westinghouse brake and the Jacquard loom, the difference between peritonitis and appendicitis, the date of the

introduction of postal-cards and oleomargarine, the price of mileage on African railways, the influence of Christianity in the Windward islands, who wrote "There's Another, not a Sister," "At Midnight in his Guarded Tent," "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever," and has taken in through the pores much other information likely to be of service on journeys where an encyclopedia is not available.

If he could deliver this information without gibes at other people's ignorance he would, of course, be more agreeable; but it is only justice to say that a person is rarely instructive and agreeable at the same moment.

"It is settled, then, that we go to Clovelly," said the Angel. "Bring me the A B C Guide, please," (this to the waiter who had just brought in the post).

"Quite settled, and we go at once," said Mrs. Angel, whose joy at arriving at a place is only equaled by her joy in leaving it. "Bas Bleu, hand me my letters, please; if you were not my guest I should say I had never witnessed such an appetite. Tommy, what news from Uncle Amos? Atlas, how can you drink three cups of English coffee? Oh-h-h, how more than lucky, how heavenly, how providential, Egeria is coming!"



THE BEACH AND CRAZED KATE'S COTTAGE.



CLOVELLY'S MAIN STREET.

"Egeria?" we cried with one rapturous voice.

"Read your letter carefully, my wife," said the Angel; "you will probably find that she wishes she might come, but finds it impossible."

"Or that she certainly would come if she had anything to wear," drawled Tommy.

"Or that she could come perfectly well, if it were a few days later," quoth I.

Mrs. Angel stared at us superciliously, and lifting an absurd watch from her antique chatelaine, observed calmly, "Egeria will be at this hotel in one hour and fifteen minutes; I telegraphed her the night before last, and this letter is her reply."

"Who is Egeria?" asked Atlas, looking up from his own letters. (We call him "Atlas," by the way, because he carries the world on his shoulders.)

Mrs. Angel: "You begin, Bas Bleu."

Bas Bleu: "No, I'd rather finish; then I can put in everything you omit."

Atlas: "Is there so much to tell?"

Tommy: "Rather."

Mrs. A., striking an attitude and speaking dramatically:

"She has a knot of russet hair:
It seems a simple thing to wear
Through years, despite of fashion's check,
The same deep coil about the neck,
But there it twined
When first I knew her,
And learned with passion to pursue her,
And if she changed it, to my mind
She were a creature of new kind.

"O first of women who has laid
Magnetic glory on a braid!
In others' tresses we may mark
If they be silken, blonde, or dark,
But thine we praise and dare not feel them,
Not Hermes god of theft, dare steal them;
It is enough for eye to gaze
Upon their vivifying maze."

The Angel: "She has beautiful hair, but I never should think of alluding to it first. Details should follow, not precede, general characteristics. Her hair is an exquisite detail; so is her nose, her foot, her voice; but viewed as a captivating whole, Egeria might be described epigrammatically as an animated lodestone. When a man approaches her he feels his iron-work gently and gradually drawn out of him."

Atlas looked distinctly incredulous at this statement, whereupon it was reinforced by the scribe of the party.

Bas Bleu: "A man cannot talk to Egeria an hour without wishing the assistance of the Society for First Aid to the Injured. She is a kind of feminine fly-paper; the men are attracted by the sweetness, and in trying to absorb a little of it, they stick fast."

Tommy: "Egeria is worth from two to two and a half times more than any girl alive; I would as lief talk to her as listen to myself."



TEMPLE BAR.



CHURCH ROCK.

Atlas: "Great Jove, what a concession! I wish I could find a woman—an unmarried woman—(with a low bow to Mrs. Angel) that would produce that effect upon me. So you all like her?"

Bas Bleu, scornfully: "Like her! I detest the phrase. Werther said when asked how he liked Charlotte, 'What sort of creature must he be who merely liked her, whose whole heart and senses were not entirely absorbed by her.' Some one asked me lately how I liked Ossian."

Atlas: "Don't introduce Ossian, Werther, and Charlotte into this delightful breakfast chat, I beseech you; the most tiresome trio that ever lived. If they were traveling with us, how they would jar! Ossian would tear the scenery in tatters with his apostrophes, Werther would make love to Mrs. Angel, and Charlotte couldn't cut an English household loaf with a hatchet. Keep to Egeria,—though if one cannot stop at liking her, she is a dangerous subject."

The Angel: "Don't imagine from these panegyrics that, to the casual observer, Egeria is anything more than a nice girl. The deadly qualities that were mentioned only appeal to the sympathetic eye (which you have not), and the susceptible heart

(which is not yours), and after long acquaintance (which you can't have, for she stays only a week). Tommy, you can meet the charmer at the station; your mother will pack up, and I'll pay the bills and make arrangements for the journey."

Tommy: "And Bas Bleu, if you write up Bristol, don't put in what *Atlas* said about Ossian. It wasn't literary good form."

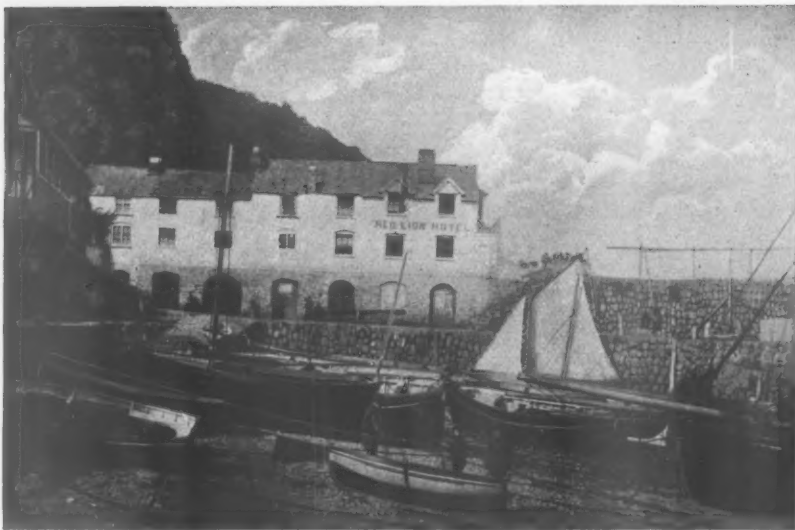
Bas Bleu: "I never report conversation unless it's interesting, Tommy. I prefer to invent it myself as I go along."

Tommy: "Can you invent anything more interesting than what we say?"

Bas Bleu: "That depends. *You* are in no danger anyway, for readers of stories always avoid didactics and statistics. Dickens' 'Message from the Sea,' indeed! If Dickens ever wrote it, and if it does mention Clovelly, I'll warrant the waiter told you about it this very morning. You absolutely don't care where you pick up your information."

The Angel, when left alone with Mrs. Angel: "My wife, I wonder why you invited Egeria to travel in the same party with *Atlas*."

Mrs. A., fencing: "Pooh! *Atlas* is safe anywhere."



"DOWN BY THE QUAY POOL."

The Angel: "He is a man."

Mrs. A.: "No; he is a reformer."

The Angel: "Even reformers fall in love."

Mrs. A.: "Not unless they can find a woman to reform. Egeria is too nearly perfect to attract Atlas; besides, what does it matter, anyway?"

The Angel: "It matters a good deal if it makes him unhappy; he is too good a fellow."

Mrs. A.: "I've lived thirty-six years and I have never seen a man's unhappiness last more than six months, and I have never seen a woman make a wound in a man's heart that another woman couldn't heal. The modern young man is as tough as—, well, I can't think of anything tough enough to compare him to. I've always thought it a pity that the material of which men's hearts is made couldn't be utilized for manufacturing purposes; think of its value for hinges, or for the toes of little boys' boots, or the heels of their stockings!"

The Angel: "I should think you had just been jilted, my dear; how has Atlas offended you?"

Mrs. A.: "He hasn't offended me; I love him, but I think he is too absent-minded lately."

The Angel: "And is Egeria invited to

join us in order that she may bring his mind forcibly back to the present?"

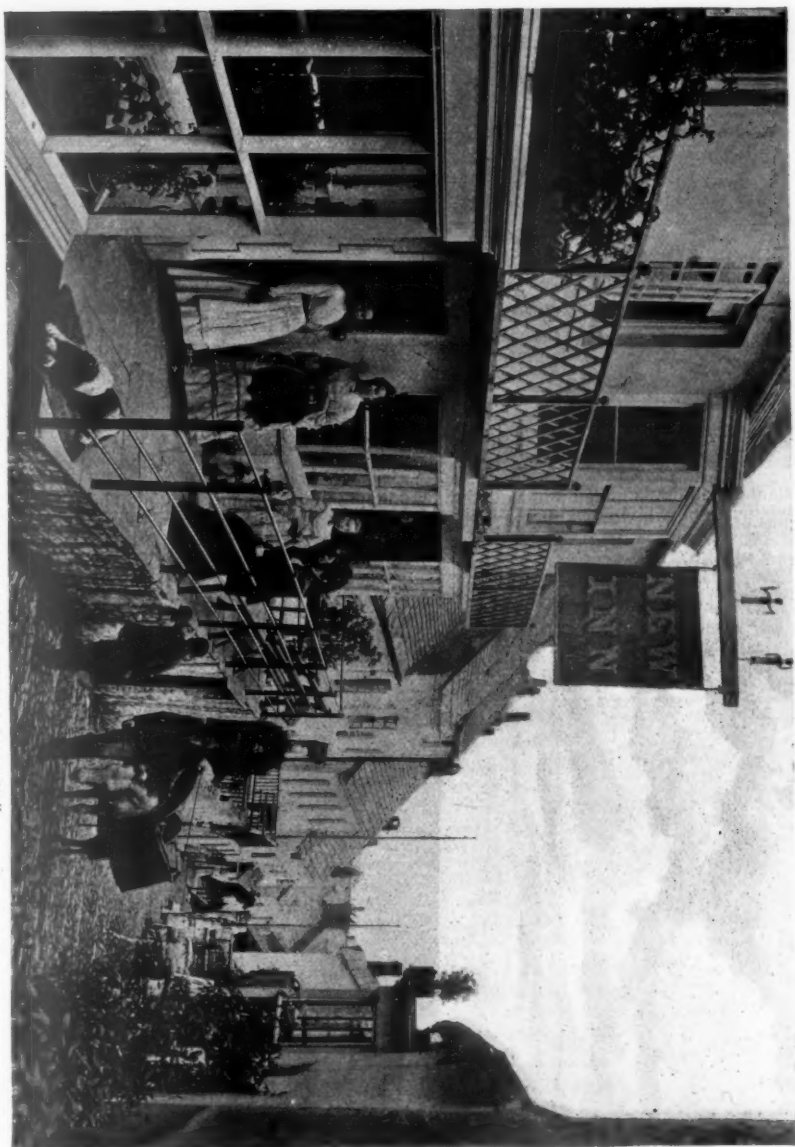
Mrs. A.: "Not at all; I consider Atlas as safe as a— as a church or a dictionary, or a guide-post, or anything; he is too much interested in tenement-house reform to fall in love with a woman."

The Angel: "I think a sensible woman wouldn't be out of place in Atlas' schemes for the regeneration of humanity."

Mrs. A.: "No; but Egeria isn't a— yes, she is, too; I can't deny it, but I don't believe she knows anything about the sweating system, and she adores Ossian, so she probably won't appeal to Atlas in his present state, which, to my mind, is unnecessarily intense. The service of humanity renders a young man perfectly callous to feminine charms. It's the proverbial safety of numbers, I suppose. It's always the individual that leads a man into temptation, if you notice, never the universal,—woman, not women. I have studied Atlas profoundly, and he is nearly as blind as a bat. He paid no attention to my new Redfern gown last week, and yesterday I wore four rings on my middle finger and two on each thumb all day long, just to see if I could catch his eye and hold his attention. I couldn't."

The Angel: "That may all be; a man may be blind to the charms of all women

"ONE CANNOT DRIVE TO THE DOOR OF THE NEW INN."





EGERIA'S WINDOW.

but one (and precious lucky if he is), but he is particularly keen where the one is concerned."

Mrs. A. : "Atlas isn't keen about anything but the sweating system. You needn't worry about him; your favorite Stevenson, says a wet rag goes safely by the fire; and if a man is blind, he cannot expect to be much impressed by romantic scenery. Atlas is momentarily a wet rag and temporarily blind. He told me on Wednesday that he intended to leave all his money to one of those long-named regenerating societies—I can't remember which."

The Angel : "And it was on Wednesday you sent for Egeria. I see."

Mrs. A., haughtily : "Then you see a figment of your own imagination; there is nothing else to see. There! I've packed everything that belongs to me, while you've been smoking and gazing at that railway guide. When do we start?"

The Angel : "11:59. We arrive in Bideford at 4:40, and have a twelve-mile drive to Clovelly. I will telegraph for a conveyance to the inn and for five bedrooms and a sitting-room."

Mrs. A. : "I hope that Egeria's train will be on time, and I hope that it will rain so that I can wear my five-guinea mackintosh. It poured every day when I was economizing and doing without it."

The Angel : "I never could see the value of economy that ended in extra extravagance."

Mrs. A. : "Very likely; you never were a close observer, but it isn't your fault. There she is, stepping out of a hansom, the darling! What a sweet gown! She's infinitely more interesting than the sweating system."

We thought we were a merry party before Egeria joined us, but she certainly introduced a new element of interest. I could not help thinking of it as we were flying about the Bristol station, just before entering the first-class carriage engaged by the Angel. Tommy had bought us rosebuds at a penny each; Atlas had a bundle of illustrated papers under his arm—*The Sketch*, *Black and White*, *The Queen*, *The Lady's Pictorial*, and half a dozen others. *Mrs. A.* was at the book-stall in a high state of excitement over the fact that an old school friend of hers—"the very stupidest girl in New York"—had written a book already in its third American and second English edition; the guard was pasting an "engaged" placard on the carriage window and piling up six luncheon baskets in the corner on the cushions, and speedily we were off.

It is a sincere tribute to the intrinsic charm of Egeria's character that *Mrs.*

Angel and I admire her so unreservedly, for she is forever being hurled at us as an example in cases where men are too stupid to see that there is no fault in us, nor any special virtue in her. For instance, the Angel tells his wife that she could walk with less fatigue if she wore sensible shoes like Egeria's. Now, Egeria's foot is very nearly as lovely as Trilby's in the story, and much prettier than Trilby's in the pictures; consequently, she wears a hideous, broad-toed, low-heeled boot, and looks trim and neat in it. Her hair is another contested point; she dresses it in five minutes in the morning, walks or drives in the rain and wind for a few hours, rides in the afternoon, bathes in the surf, lies in a hammock, and, if circumstances demand, the creature can smooth it with her hands and walk in to dinner! Mrs. Angel and I, on the contrary, rise a half hour earlier to crimp or wave; our curling-lamps leak into our dressing-bags, we are always out of alcohol, and our beauty is decidedly damaged by damp or hot weather. Most women's hair is a mere covering to the scalp, growing out of the head, or pinned on, as the case may be. Egeria's is a glory like Eve's; it is expressive, breathing a hun-

dred delicate suggestions of herself; not tortured into frizzles, or fringes, or artificial shapes, but winding its lustrous lengths about her head, just high enough to show the beautiful nape of her neck, "where this way and that the little lighter-colored irclaimable curls running truant from the knot,—curls, half curls, root curls, vine ringlets, wedding-rings, fledgling feathers, tufts of down, blown wisps,—wave, or fall, or stray, loose and downward in the form of small, silken paws, hardly any of them thicker than a crayon shading, cunninger than long, round locks of gold to trick the heart."

At one o'clock we lifted the covers of our luncheon baskets. "Aren't they the tidiest, most self-respecting, satisfying things," exclaimed Egeria, as she took out her plate, and knife, and fork, opened her Japanese napkin, set in dainty order the cold fowl and ham, the pat of butter, crusty roll, bunch of lettuce, mustard and salt, the corkscrew, and finally, the bottle of ale. "I cannot bear to be unpatriotic, but compare this with the ten minutes for refreshments at an American lunch-counter, its baked beans, and pies, and its cream cakes and doughnuts under glass covers. I don't believe English people are as good



THE HOBBY DRIVE.

as we are ; they can't be ; they're too comfortable. I wonder if the little discomforts of living in America, the dissatisfaction and incompetency of servants, and all the other problems, will work out for the nation a more exceeding weight of glory,

that the other half is too uncomfortable, does it not? But I am just beginning to think of these things," she added soberly.

"Egeria," said Mrs. Angel sternly, "you may think about them as much as you like, I have no control over your mental processes ; but if you mention single tax, or tenement-house reform, or socialism, or altruism, or communism, or the sweating system, you will be dropped at Bideford. Atlas is only traveling with us because he needs complete moral and intellectual rest. I hope, oh, how I hope, that there isn't a social problem in Clovelly! It seems as if there couldn't be in a village of a single street and that a stone staircase."

"There will be," I said, "if nothing more than the problem of supply and demand ; of catching and selling herrings."

We had time at Bideford to go into a quaint little shop for tea before starting on our twelve-mile drive ; time also to be dragged by the instructive Tommy to Bideford bridge, that played



TOMMY'S LODGING AND A CLOVELLY PORTER.

or whether they will simply ruin the national temper."

"It's wicked to be too luxurious, Egeria," said Tommy, with a sly look at Atlas. "It's the hair shirt, not the pearl-studded bosom, that induces virtue."

"Is it?" she asked innocently, letting her clear gaze follow Tommy's. "You don't believe, Mr. Atlas, that modest people like you, and me, and Tommy, and the Angels, incur danger in being too comfortable ; the trouble lies in the fact

so important a part in Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" We did not approach Clovelly finally through the beautiful Hobby drive, laid out in former years by one of the Hamlyn ladies of Clovelly court, but by the turnpike road, which, however, was not uninteresting. It had been market-day at Bideford and there were many market-carts and "jingoes" on the road, with perhaps a heap of yellow straw inside and a man and a rosy boy on the seat. The roadway was prettily bordered

with broom, wild honeysuckle, foxglove, and single roses, and there was a certain charming post-office called the Fairy Cross, in a garden of blooming fuchsias, where Egeria almost insisted upon living and officiating as postmistress.

All at once our driver checked his horses on the brink of a hill, apparently leading nowhere in particular.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Angel, who is always expecting accidents.

"Clovelly, mum."

"Clovelly!" we repeated automatically, gazing about us on every side for a roof, a chimney, or a sign of habitation.

"You'll find it, mum, as you walk down along."

"How charming!" cried Egeria, who loves the unexpected. "Towns are generally so obtrusive; isn't it nice to know that Clovelly is here and that all we have to do is to walk 'down-along' and find it. Come, Tommy. Ho, for the stone staircase!"

We who were left behind discovered by more questioning, that one cannot drive into Clovelly; that although an American president or an English chancellor might, as a great favor, be escorted down on a donkey's back, or carried down in a sedan chair, if he chanced to have one about his person, the ordinary mortal must walk to the door of the New Inn, his luggage being dragged "down-along" on sledges and brought "up-along" on donkeys. In a word, Clovelly is not built like unto other towns; it seems to have been flung up from the sea into a narrow rift between wooded hills, and to have clung there these eight hundred years of its existence. It has held fast, but it has not expanded, for the very good reason that it completely fills the hollow in the cliffs, the houses clinging like limpets to the rocks on either side, so that it would be a costly and difficult piece of engineering indeed to build any extensions or additions.

We picked our way "down-along" until we caught the first glimpse of white-washed cottages covered with creepers, their doors hospitably open, their windows filled with blooming geraniums and fuchsias. All at once, as we began to descend the winding, rocky pathway, we saw that it pitched headlong into the bluest sea in the world. No wonder the

painters have loved it! Shall we ever forget that first vision! There were a couple of donkeys coming "up-along" laden, one with coals, the other with bread-baskets; a fisherman was mending his nets in front of his door; others were lounging "down to quay pool" to prepare for their evening drift-fishing. A little further on, at a certain abrupt turning called the "look-out," where visitors stop to breathe and villagers to gossip, one could catch a glimpse of the beach and "Crazed Kate's Cottage," the drying-ground for nets, the life-boat house, the pier, and the breakwater.

We were all enchanted when we arrived at the door of the inn.

"Devonshire for me! I shall live here!" cried Mrs. Angel. "I said that a few times in Wales, but I retract it. You had better live here, too, Atlas; there aren't any problems in Clovelly."

"I am sure of that," he assented, smiling. "I noticed dozens of live snails in the rocks of the street as we came down; snails cannot live in combination with problems."

"Then I am a snail," answered Mrs. Angel, cheerfully; "for that is exactly my temperament."

We found that we could not get room enough for all at the tiny inn, but this only exhilarated Egeria and Tommy. They disappeared and came back triumphant ten minutes later. "We got lodgings without any difficulty," said Egeria. "Tommy's isn't half bad; we saw a small boy who had been taking a box 'down-along' on a sledge, and he referred us to a nice place where they took Tommy in; but you should see my lodging, it is ideal. I noticed the prettiest yellow-haired girl knitting in a doorway. 'There isn't room for me at the inn,' I said; 'could you let me sleep here?' She asked her mother, and her mother said 'yes,' and there was never anything so romantic as my vine-embowered window. Juliet would have jumped at it."

"She would have jumped out of it, if Romeo had been below," said Tommy.

The New Inn proved some years ago to be too small for its would-be visitors. An addition couldn't be built because there wasn't any room; but the landlady succeeded in getting a house across the way. Here there are bedrooms, a sort of quiet

tap-room of very great respectability, and the kitchens. As the dining-room is in house number one, the matter of serving dinner might seem to be attended with difficulty, but it is not apparent. The maids run across the narrow street with

terranean. Egeria had no china in her room, but she had huge branches of coral, shells of all sizes and hues, and an immense colored print of the bay of Naples. Tommy's landlady was volcanic in her tastes, and his walls were lined with



THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

platters and dishes surmounted by great Britannia covers, and in rainy weather they give the soup or joint the additional protection of a large cotton umbrella. The walls of every room in the inn are covered with old china, much of it pretty, and some of it valuable, though the finest pieces are not hung, but are placed in glass cabinets. One cannot see an inch of wall space anywhere in bedrooms, dining- or sitting-rooms for the huge delft platters, whole sets of the old green dragon pattern, quaint perforated baskets, pitchers and mugs of British luster, with queer dogs, and cats, and peacocks, and clocks of china. The massing of color is picturesque and brilliant, and the whole effect decidedly unique. Madam, the landlady's father and grandfather had been Bideford sea-captains and had brought here these and other treasures from foreign parts. As Clovelly is a village of sea-folk and fisher-folk, the houses are full of curiosities, mostly from the Medi-

pictures of Vesuvius in all stages of eruption. My room, a wee, triangular box of a thing, was on the first floor of the inn. It opened hospitably on a bit of garden and street by a large glass door that wouldn't shut, so that a cat or a dog spent the night by my bedside now and then, and many a donkey tried to do the same, but was evicted.

Oh, the Clovelly mornings! the sunshine, the salt air, the savor of the boats and the nets, the limestone cliffs of Gallantry Bower rising steep and white at the head of the village street, with the brilliant sea at the foot; the walks down by the quay pool (not key pool, you understand, but quaäy püül in the vernacular), the sails in a good old herring-boat called the Lorna Doone, for we are in Blackmore's country here.

We began our first day early in the morning, and met at nine-o'clock breakfast in the coffee-room. Egeria came in glowing. She reminds me of a phrase in

a certain novel, where the heroine is described as always dressing (seemingly) to suit the season and the sky. Gowned in sea-green linen with a white collar, and belt, and "Tam," she was the very spirit of a Clovelly morning. She had risen at six, and in company with Phoebe, daughter of her house (the yellow-haired lassie mentioned previously), had prowled up and down North Hill, a transverse place or short street much celebrated by painters. They had met a certain bold fisher-lad named Jem, evidently Phoebe's favorite swain, and explored the short passage where Fish street is built over, nicknamed Temple Bar.

Atlas came in shortly after and laid a nosegay at Egeria's plate.

"My humble burnt-offering, your ladyship," he said.

Tommy: "She has lots of offerings, but she generally prefers to burn 'em herself.

When Egeria's swains talk about her, it is always 'ut vidi' (how I saw), succeeded by 'ut perii' (how I sudden lost my brains)."

Egeria: "You don't indulge in burnt offerings" (laughing with slightly heightened color); "but how you do burn incense. You speak as if the skeletons of my rejected suitors were hanging on imaginary lines all over the earth's surface."

Tommy: "They are not hanging on imaginary lines."

Mrs. A.: "Turn your thoughts from Egeria's victims, you frivolous young people, and let me tell you that I've been 'up-along' this morning and found—what do you think?—a library: a circulating library maintained by the Clovelly court people. It is embowered in roses and jasmine, and there is a bird's nest hanging just outside one of the open win-

dows next to a shelf of Dickens and Scott. Never before have young families of birds been born and brought up with similar advantages. The snails were in the path just as we saw them yesterday evening. Atlas, not one has moved, not one has died! Oh, I certainly must come and live here. I have learned the greatest number of things, and it turns out that we were all very stupid and densely ignorant and illiterate not to know more about this place. I have seen the church, almost a quarter of a mile away, where Charles Kingsley used to preach, and where his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Harrison, preaches now; and you, Bas Bleu, ought to be ashamed not to have told me that



"THE QUIANT LITTLE PIER."

Mrs. Harrison is Lucas Malet, Charles Kingsley's daughter, who wrote 'A Counsel of Perfection,' 'Colonel Enderby's Wife,' and 'The Wages of Sin.' The librarian is a dear old lady; if she ever dies, I am coming to take her place. You will be postmistress at the Fairy Cross then, Egeria, and we'll visit each other. Oh, she was so gossipy and nice! She saw I took so much interest in the library she told me there was one book that was more called for than any other, but they did not own it, and it was the desire of her heart to possess it. Of course I offered to give it, though it might have been the first edition that ever was of something or other at a thousand guineas. I held my breath in hopes that it was one of your books, Bas Bleu, but it wasn't, poor dear; it was 'Lady's Audley's Secret.' And I've brought Dickens' 'Message from the Sea' for you, and Kingsley's 'Westward Ho!' for Tommy, and 'The Wages of Sin' for Atlas, and 'Hypatia' for Egeria, 'Lorna Doone' for the Angel, and Charles Kingsley's sermons for myself. We will read aloud every evening."

"I won't," said Tommy, succinctly. "I've been down by the quay pool, and I've got acquainted with a lot of A1 chaps that have agreed to take me drift-fishing every night, and they are going to put out the Clovelly life-boat for exercise this week, and if the weather is fine, Bill Marks is going to take Atlas and me to Lundy island. You don't catch me round the evening lamp very much in Clovelly."

"Don't be too slangy, my son, and who on earth is Bill Marks?" asked the Angel.

"He's our particular friend, Tommy's and mine," answered Atlas, seeing that Tommy was momentarily occupied with bacon and eggs. "He told us more yarns than we ever before heard spun in the same length of time. He is seventy-seven, and says he was a teetotaler until he was sixty-nine, but has been trying to make up time ever since. From his condition last evening, I should say he was likely to do it. He was so mellow, I asked him how he could manage to walk down the staircase. 'Oh, I can walk down neat enough,' he said, 'when I'm in good sailing trim, as I am now, feeling just good enough, but not too good, your honor; but when I'm half seas over or three sheets in the wind, I roll down, your honor!' He

spends three shillings a week for his food and the same for his 'rummidge.' He was thrilling when he got on the subject of the awful wreck just outside this harbor, 'the fourth of October, seventy-one years ago, two-and-thirty men drowned, your honor, and half of 'em from Clovelly parish. And I was one of the three men saved in another storm twenty-four years ago, when two-and-twenty men were drowned; that's what it means to plow the great salt-field that is never sown, your honor.' When he found we'd been in Scotland, he was very anxious to know if we could talk 'Garlic,' said he'd always wanted to know what it sounded like."

Somehow, in the days that followed, Tommy was always with his particular friends, the fishermen, on the beach, at the Red Lion, or in the shop of a certain boat-builder, learning the use of the calking-iron. Mr. and Mrs. Angel and I unexpectedly found ourselves a trio for hours together, while Egeria and Atlas walked in the churchyard, in the beautiful grounds of Clovelly court, or in the deer park, where one finds as perfect a union of marine and woodland scenery as any in England.

Atlas may have taken her there because he could discuss single tax more eloquently when he was walking over the entailed estates of the English landed gentry, but I suspect that single tax had taken off its hat and, bowing profoundly to Egeria, had said, "After you, madam!" and retired to its proper place in the universe; for not even the most blatant economist would affirm that any other problem can be so important as that which confronts a man when he enters that land of Beulah, which is upon the borders of Heaven and within sight of the City of Love.

Atlas was young, warm of heart, high of mind, and generous of soul. All the necessary chords, therefore, were in him, ready to be set in vibration. No one could do this more cunningly than Egeria; the only question was whether love would "run out to meet love," as it should, "with open arms."

We simply waited to see. Mrs. Angel with that fine lack of logic that distinguished her, disclaimed all responsibility. "He is awake, at least," she said, "and that is a great comfort; and now

and then he observes a few very plain facts, mostly relating to Egeria, it is true. If it does come to anything, I hope he won't ask her to live in a college settlement the year round, though I haven't the slightest doubt that she would like it.

have but to hand out a passport at the frontier and wait for dubious inspection." But the description is incomplete. Egeria, indeed, made no one wait at the frontier for a dubious inspection of his passport; but once in the new domain, while he



CLOVELLY'S CHURCHYARD.

If there were ever two beings created expressly for each other, it is these two, and for that reason I have my doubts about the matter. Almost all marriages are made between two people who haven't the slightest adaptation to one another, so far as outsiders can judge. Egeria and Atlas are almost too well suited for marriage."

The progress of the affair had thus far certainly been astonishingly rapid, but it might mean nothing. Egeria's mind and heart were so easy of access up to a certain point that the traveler sometimes over-estimated the distance covered and the distance still to cover. Atlas quoted something about her at the end of the very first day that described her charmingly: "Ordinarily, the sweetest ladies will make us pass through cold mist and cross a stile or two, or a broken bridge, before the formalities are cleared away, to grant us rights of citizenship. She was like those frank lands where we

would be cordially welcomed to parks, gardens, lakes, and pleasure grounds, he would find unexpected difficulty in entering the queen's private apartments, a fact that occasioned surprise to some of the travelers.

We all took the greatest interest, too, in the romance of Phoebe and Jem, for the course of true love did not run at all smooth for this young couple. Atlas wrote a ballad about her and Egeria, made a tune to it, and sung it to the tinkling, old-fashioned piano of an evening:

"Have you e'er seen the street of Clovelly?
The quaint, rambling street of Clovelly,
With its staircase of stone leading down to the sea,
To the harbor so sleepy, so old, and so wee,
The queer, crooked street of Clovelly.

"Have you e'er seen the lass of Clovelly?
The sweet, little lass of Clovelly,
With kirtle of gray reaching just to her knee,
And ankles as neat as ankles may be,
The yellow-haired lass of Clovelly.



TOMMY'S PARTICULAR FRIENDS.

"There's a good, honest lad in Clovelly,
A bold, fisher lad of Clovelly;
With purpose as straight and swagger as free
As the course of his boat when breasting a sea,
The brave sailor lad of Clovelly.

"Have you e'er seen the church at Clovelly?
Have you heard the sweet bells of Clovelly?
The lad and the lassie will hear them, may be,
And join hand in hand to sail over life's sea
From the little, stone church at Clovelly."

When the nights were cool or damp we crowded into Mrs. Angel's tiny china-laden sitting-room, and had a blaze in the grate with a bit of driftwood burning blue, and green, and violet on top of the coals. Tommy sometimes smelled of her-
ring to such a degree that we were obliged to keep the door open; but his society was so precious that we endured the odors.

But there were other evenings out of doors, when we sat in a sheltered corner down on the pier, watching the line of limestone cliffs running westward to the revolving light at Hartland Point that sent us alternate flashes of ruby and white across the water. Clovelly lamps made glittering disks in the quay pool, shining there side by side with the reflected star-beams. We could hear the regular swish-swash of the waves on the rocks, and to the eastward the dripping of a stream that came tumbling over the cliff.

Such was our last evening in Clovelly; a very quiet one, for the charm of the place lay upon us and we were loath to leave it. It was warm and balmy, and the moonlight lay upon the beach. Egeria leaned against the parapet, the serge of her dress showing white against the background of rock. The hood of her dark-blue yachting-cape was slipping off her head, and her eyes were as deep and clear as crystal pools.

Presently she began to sing,—first, "The Sands o' Dee," then,

"Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
Out into the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the
best,
And the children stood watching them out of the
town."

Egeria is one of the few women who can sing well without an accompaniment. She has a thrilling voice, and what with the scene, the hour, and the pathos of Kingsley's verses, tears rushed into my eyes, and Bill Marks' words came back to me—"Two-and-twenty men drowned; that's what it means to plow the great salt-field that is never sown."

Atlas gazed at her with eyes that no longer cared to keep their secret. Mrs. Angel was still uncertain; for me, I was sure. Love had rushed past him like a

galloping horseman, and shooting an arrow almost without aim, had struck him full in the heart, that citadel that had withstood a dozen deliberate sieges.

It was midnight, and our few belongings were packed. Egeria had come to the Inn to sleep, and stole into my room to warm her toes before the blaze in my grate, for I was chilly and had ordered a sixpenny fire. When I say that she came in to warm her toes, I am asking you to accept her statement, not mine; it is my opinion that she came in for no other purpose than to tell me something that was in her mind and heart pleading for utterance.

I didn't help her by leading up to the subject, because I thought her fib so flagrant and unnecessary; accordingly, we talked over a multitude of things,—Phoebe and Jem and their hard-hearted parents, our visit to Cardiff and Ilfracombe, Bill Marks and his wife, the service at the church, and finally her walk with Atlas in the churchyard.

"We went inside," said Egeria, "and I copied the inscription on the bronze tablet that Atlas liked so much on Sunday: 'Her grateful and affectionate husband's last and proudest wish will be that whenever Divine Providence shall call him hence, his name may be engraved on the same tablet that is sacred in perpetuating as much virtue and goodness as could adorn human nature.'" Then she went on with apparent lack of sequence: "Bas Bleu, don't you think it is always perfectly safe to obey a Scriptural command, because I have done it?"

"Did you find it in the Old or the New Testament?"

"The Old."

"I should say that if you found some

remarks about breaking the bones of your enemy, and have twisted it out of its connection, it would be particularly bad advice to follow."

"It is nothing of that sort."

"What is it, then?"

She took out a tortoise-shell dagger just here, and gave her head an absent-minded shake so that her lustrous coil of hair uncoiled itself and fell on her shoulders in a ruddy spiral. It was a sight to induce covetousness, but one couldn't be jealous of Egeria. She charmed one by her lack of consciousness.

"The happy lot

Be his to follow

Those threads through lovely curve and hollow,

And muse a lifetime how they got

Into that wild, mysterious knot,"

quoted I, as I gave her head an insinuating pat. "Come, Egeria, stand and deliver! What is the Scriptural command, that having first obeyed, you ask my advice about afterwards?"

"Have you a Bible?"

"You might not think it, but I have, and it is here on my table."

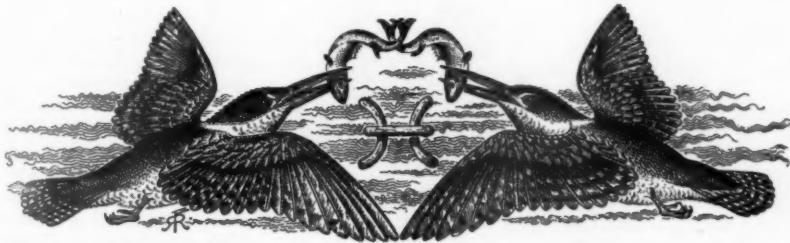
"Then I am going into my room, lock the door, and call the verse through the keyhole. But you must promise not to say a word to me till to-morrow morning."

I was not in a position to dictate terms, so I promised. The door closed, the bolt shot into the socket, and Egeria's voice came so faintly through the keyhole that I had to stoop to catch the words:

"Deuteronomy, 10:19."

I flew to my Bible. Genesis—Exodus—Leviticus—Numbers—Deuteronomy—Deut-er-on-omy—Ten—Nineteen—

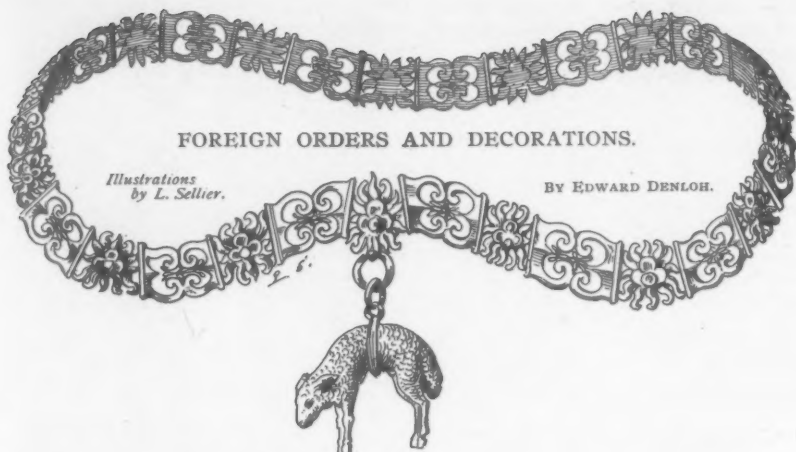
"Love ye, therefore, the stranger—"



FOREIGN ORDERS AND DECORATIONS.

*Illustrations
by L. Sellier.*

BY EDWARD DENLOH.



THE GOLDEN FLEECE.

IT may be supposed that Americans are not specially interested in the matter of decorations and orders of knighthood, since their constitution expressly forbids the granting of titles of nobility by the United States, and does not even permit its officers to receive decorations without the consent of Congress. Private persons, however, may, and often do, receive such honors, either for military or civil distinction, and in such cases Americans seem to regard them very much as foreigners do, with one great difference. To lack such honors counts for nothing in America, whereas the lack must be explained away in some countries for persons in a certain social class. A Russian general without a decoration would be in disgrace with his superiors. There is a certain kind of interest in such matters which we can all avow. Orders and decorations are a distinct and significant factor in the society and government of most European countries, and it is interesting

to know something of them, just as one knows about the standing of a senior wrangler or of a member of Parliament. The standing of these persons in England differs materially from that of a M. A. of Yale, or of a member of Congress. It is worth while to know how and why. Similarly it is interesting to know something, at least, of what remains of the orders of chivalry, especially as in many countries such honors and decorations are in full force. In England, for example, the successful diplomatist, soldier, or colonial governor is always marked in this fashion. In democracies, as Switzerland (which has no orders) or France (which has only the Legion of Honor), the tendency is to laugh such distinctions out of existence. For example, a radical editor of France computed, in 1866, that Belgium was the most decorated country in existence, since there was then one *décoré* to every sixty adult males! Turning his statistics in an-



LEGION OF HONOR, FRANCE.



ORDER OF THE GARTER.

princes, etc., as a matter almost of right.

The antiquity assigned to many of the orders is exaggerated. They are reputed to be revivals of older institutions, but the real date is usually that of the reorganization. The order of the Garter, in England (founded 1349), of the Golden Fleece (1429), and of the Annunciation (1518), are among the most ancient of existing orders. The order of the Elephant, of Denmark, is assigned to the time of King Canute VI., but the date of its first reorganization, in 1458, is sufficiently remote. The Danebrog order, of Denmark, is also assigned to a very early time (1279). It was renewed, in 1690, from a preëxisting order of some kind, probably less ancient than 1279, but still venerable. We may just notice, in passing, that the order of the Templars was suppressed in 1312, and that the order of Malta was organized during the crusades, in 1048.

In a brief article like the present it will be more to the purpose to confine our attention to the orders which are actually in existence, and to speak chiefly of those which we may any day see at a ball in Paris or a dinner in London. And there is more interest in describing those orders which are bestowed as rewards on persons without hereditary rank, rather than those which belong only to sovereigns and great nobles, like the Garter, of England. However important the great orders may be, they are not for common folk, and, moreover, most of them have special books devoted to their history, not to mention special chapels and houses, like the chapel of St. George for the Knights of the Garter, at Windsor, etc. It will also be convenient to speak of the various orders by countries, and we may begin with those of England. One remark may here be made which applies to most orders. The lowest grade is usually that of knight, who wears the cross suspended from a ribbon on his left breast. The next higher grade is usually called commander, and commanders wear a larger cross from a ribbon round the



ST. MICHAEL AND ST. GEORGE.



STAR OF INDIA.

other fashion he computes that in France there was one décoré for every one thousand acres; in Belgium one to every sixty-six acres, and so on.

The question of the origin of orders of chivalry is too complex to be entered upon here. We may regard most of the existing orders as having been created by ruling princes as a simple and obvious means of conferring personal rewards, just as brevets in the army of the United States confer personal distinction without increase of

lineal rank. Some other orders were instituted as marks of high and noble birth, and conferred upon

neck. Sometimes there is a grade of officers between knights and commanders. Grand crosses are usually the next higher grade, and they generally wear a broad ribbon from the right shoulder to the left hip, and a star or cross on the left breast. Grand commanders are the highest in grade, and they also wear the broad ribbon, with other distinguishing marks.

ENGLAND.

The order of the Garter (K.G.) was founded in 1349, and consists of about fifty knights, mostly reigning sovereigns, none below the rank of earl at present. Its ribbon is blue; its celebrated motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," is well known. The monarch who picked up the fallen garter and fastened it on his own leg was Edward III. The order of the Thistle (K.T.) was founded in 1540, and of St. Patrick (K.P.) in 1783. Officially, the Garter has twenty-five knights, the Thistle sixteen, and St. Patrick twenty-two, but various members of the royal family bring the actual numbers considerably higher.

The order of the Bath is reputed to date from 1399, but its reorganization in 1725 is a safer epoch. There are, beside honorary and foreign members, seventy-five grand crosses (G.C.B.), two hundred and three knights commanders (K.C.B.), and one thousand and forty companions (C.B.). This, the highest of the larger orders, is of very practical use in the administration of State affairs. C.B. rewards an official, military or civil, for long and valuable service, and marks him off as separate from others of his station. K.C.B. (and also all the other knights commanders' decorations named in what follows) confers personal nobility, and makes its holder "sir," to rank just after the baronets of England, just above the knights bachelors, who are also entitled to the prefix "sir."



VICTORIA CROSS.

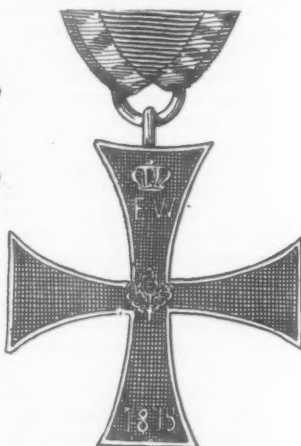
The order of St. Michael and St. George (founded 1818) is a diplomatic and colonial order. Its higher ranks (G.C.M.G.) are given to ambassadors, colonial governors, etc.; its lower (K.C.M.G. and C.M.G.) to officers and civilians who have been connected with foreign or colonial service. There are fifty G.C.M.G., one hundred and fifty K.C.M.G., and two hundred and sixty C.M.G. in the order.

The Distinguished Service order (D.S.O.) was founded in 1886, and is strictly military. The Royal Order of



ORDER OF THE BATH.

The order of the Star of India (founded 1861) is bestowed in its higher ranks (G.C.S.I.) on Indian rajas and princes; in its lower (K.C.S.I. and C.S.I.) on Indian officers, both military and civil.



THE IRON CROSS OF PRUSSIA.

Victoria and Albert (1862) is bestowed only on ladies; the Imperial Order of the Crown of India (1878) is also for ladies. Finally, the Victoria Cross (1856), "for conspicuous bravery," is the most highly prized of all English decorations giving personal rank. It is mostly military and naval, naturally, and the order has now some one hundred and sixty members.

It may seem that there are too many orders, but the Empire is immense, and the loaves and fishes are few among so many. The loaves are used in a business-like way to forward the public business, and they certainly effect their object.

No doubt some of these decorations are bestowed by pure favor, and even unwisely. If one looks over the list of the names of the *décorés*, one can usually discover some reason why any given name is included. On the other hand, it is hard for an American to understand why he does not find certain English names that he honors on the lists. Bryce, Freeman, and Froude are not included in the lists of 1893. Huxley has lately been made a privy counselor, after having refused a higher honor. Lockyer has just been made C.B.

Literature and science are not now generally recognized in this way. Diplomacy, military, and civil services to government, and hereditary rank are, on the other hand, freely rewarded. So long as society in England keeps its aristocratic element, so long these orders will be, on the whole, worthily bestowed, even if painful exceptions are noted. A democracy like France finds more difficulty in keeping its lists clean,

though, on the other hand, the French are quicker to reward literary and artistic merit.

FRANCE.

All the monarchical orders in France were swept away by the Revolution. The consular government established the Legion of Honor, which was greatly enlarged and improved by the first Napoleon. All the world knows how he "conquered Europe with a few yards of red ribbon," and any one may read in the memoirs of the time (as in those of Baron Marbot, for example,) what his soldiers would do to earn the cross. No general has known better how to touch the hearts and excite the pride of his army, and the cross of the Legion, in his hands, was a veritable power. After 1815 the order was (it is said, purposely) degraded by indiscriminate bestowals. Napoleon III. reorganized it in 1852 to consist of eighty grand crosses, two hundred grand officers, one thousand commanders, four thousand officers, and an undefined number of chevaliers, the lowest rank. There were sixty-

four thousand members of the order in 1866, and its distinction has been more or less lost, especially since the exposure of scandals of late years in the bestowal of the decoration for money. The illustration represents the cross as it is now. The general form of the decoration remains the same as it was in the time of its glory under the first Napoleon, except that the effigy of the emperor is replaced by the symbols of the Republic.

The cross is of white enamel, the ribbon is red; the cross is worn



ORDER OF THE TOWER AND SWORD, PORTUGAL.



ORDER OF THE ANNUNCIATION, ITALY.

on the left breast for the lower grades, as a sash for the higher. The motto is: "Honneur et Patrie."

THE SAXON DUCHIES.

The Saxon house is divided into two lines, the Albertine and the Ernestine. The kingdom of Saxony has several high orders (St. Henry, etc.). The three Saxon duchies of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Saxe-Meiningen, and Saxe-Altenburg form the Ernestine branch, and have jointly established the order of that house. It was founded by Ernest the Pious in 1690, reorganized in 1833, and now has four classes. The highest class is composed of princes, and there are twelve commanders of the first class, eighteen of the second class, and thirty-six knights, besides foreigners of each class. The cross of the badge of the order has eight points, which represent the eight beatitudes, as is the case with the cross of Malta.

Other German duchies have orders of their own, such, for instance, as the White Falcon (founded in 1732), of Saxe-Weimar, etc.



GUELPHIC ORDER OF HANOVER.



ORDER OF THE THISTLE, SCOTLAND.



THE BLACK EAGLE OF PRUSSIA.

DENMARK.

The highest order of Denmark is the Elephant, as has been said. It is confined to princes and to thirty knights. The order of the Danebrog dates from 1279. It has the usual four classes, and a fifth class was added in 1809. The decoration is a gold-white enameled cross with a red border, with golden crowns in the angles. The grand commander's cross of this order is all in brilliants. The lower crosses are of the same antique shape, but bear the inscription "Gud og Kongen" (For God and the King). The ribbon of the Danebrog is white with red borders.

RUSSIA.

In Russia, orders play a great rôle and a substantial one, for each order brings privileges and pensions with it. For example, the children of the Knights of St. George are educated at the expense of the State. Moreover, the nobility conferred by this order is not only personal, but hereditary—an unusual addition.

The St. Andrew, of Russia, very like the Garter, of England, is for the highest dignitaries only. High



ORDER OF ST. OLAF.
SWEDEN AND NORWAY.

eight of this class, the lowest, were awarded in the Russo-Turkish war. This order then, with its privileges and its difficult attainment, is precisely fitted for a military order in an aristocratic state. Nelson, on going into action, declared that the result must be victory or a tomb in Westminster Abbey. The cross of St. George would have been his reward if he had been a Russian, and had lived to claim it. The cross of St. Vladimir ranks next to St. George, but it is awarded to civilians as well as to soldiers.

In Russia, as in other military countries, a war medal is given for each and every separate campaign, so that an officer in full dress carries his history on his breast.

The preceding account has covered only a few of the decorations granted by foreign countries. These will serve as examples of the rest, and I have chosen the most interesting ones. In what has gone before, the method of wearing these decorations has been described for full dress occasions only, when the knights wear the cross on the breast, the commanders from a

officials receive also the St. Alexander Nevsky and the order of the White Eagle, of Poland, (instituted 1325). These orders are of one class only. The four remaining orders have several classes, and are the St. George, and St. Vladimir (founded by the Czarina Catharine), the St. Anne, and St. Stanislaus.

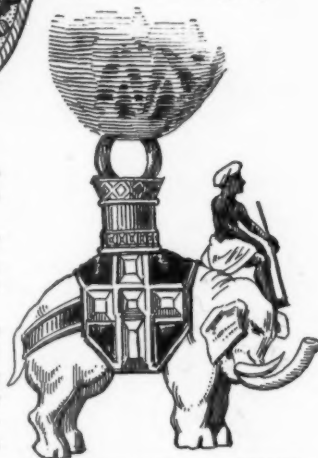
The St. George is a purely military order, and is highly prized. It confers hereditary nobility, as has been said. It has its own hall in Moscow, where the name of each knight is inscribed in gold on the marble columns. The first class is bestowed only on successful commanding generals, and only twenty-two such crosses have been given in the whole history of the order. Only two of these crosses were given in the Russo-Turkish war.

The second class is for successful commanders of large fractions of an army. The Crown Prince Frederick of Prussia was of this class, and only eight such crosses were given in the war of 1877. Thirty-seven crosses of the third class were conferred in this war, on generals of the standing of Gourko, for example.

The fourth class is given to commanding officers, and to any officer for extraordinary heroism. Only two hundred and eighty-



ORDER OF ST. PATRICK.



ORDER OF THE ELEPHANT, DENMARK.

ribbon round the neck, and the higher officers on the breast with the ribbon as a sash, etc. Ordinarily, the ribbon or rosette is alone worn in the buttonhole. In evening dress and on occasions of some ceremony, orders are worn en brochette; that is to say, small copies of the original orders are suspended from a gold chain which passes between the two upper buttonholes of the coat. These copies are about an inch in diameter, and a dozen of them can be worn in this way. The original crosses are perhaps three times as large, and a successful general or diplomat has not room enough on his coat to display them all.

It is certain that the matters dealt with in this paper are not of every-day import to Americans, but even in the United States there are frequent occasions when some knowledge of them is not unwelcome. Any one who has seen the brilliant show of crosses and stars at a diplomatic reception at the White House will take a more intelligent interest in the display for the few hints here set down. The moment one sets foot in a military country like Russia or Germany some such knowledge is essential. These things have a place in this busy world, though the place may not always be a large one.

LINES WRITTEN ON RETURNING A LADY'S VIOLIN.

BY WILL HILL.

RETURN, sweet violin, and render
To thy mistress, echoes tender,
Born of songs I've breathed to thee:
Whisper forth in plaintive ditty,
Thrill her gentle soul with pity,
Tune her thoughts to love and me!

If she laugh, and cry "Oh folly!
This is but Love's melancholy,"
Then in lighter lyrics sing,
Murmuring in melodious measure,
How her heart's the fairest treasure
Bounteous earth to me can bring!

In thy crannies I have hidden
Songs which need but to be bidden
And their notes will wake anew:
Songs to soothe her grief and sadness,
Summon mirth, woo bliss and gladness,
Songs for every season due.

Go, wanton in the warm caresses
Of maiden hand and cheek and tresses,
Happy, happy violin!
Could I be thou when as thou liest
On her breast and softly sighest
Greater joy were none to win.

A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.



HER home was in Volterra—Volterra, perched like an eagle's eyrie on the top of a "heaven-kissing hill" in that part of Italy which was Etruria, and is twenty-five miles from anywhere. A winding road goes and goes, without ever arriving, and is constant in nothing but in keeping its direction resolutely away from Volterra—and then, all at once, you are there!

She was a princess, of course,—it is only about princesses that tales are written; only, as she lived in Etruria, and was an Etruscan princess, she was called a "larthia," which in her language means a princess. And as a princess should, she dressed in purple and embroidered robes, with golden chains, bracelets, rings, and garlands of golden leaves on her head. Probably, too, she wore a scarabæus—a stone cut in the form of the sacred beetle, which rolls the earth into tiny balls,—little worlds,—and was the emblem of the Creator. As she was an Etruscan, and not an Egyptian princess, her scarabæus would have been of agate, onyx, cornelian, or some other translucent stone,—perhaps to indicate that the mysteries of religion were but dimly understood, some one has suggested; had she been an Egyptian princess, on the other hand, the stone would

have been opaque—perhaps to signify that the mysteries are impenetrable.

She prayed to the twelve gods who launched the thunderbolts, and to the shrouded gods, who would exist when earth, heaven, and the thunder-gods had passed away; and she believed in signs and omens, and read the lightning as the Chaldeans read the stars.

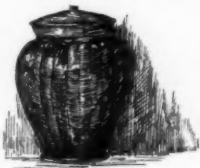
We may be sure, too, that she feasted like a princess, lying on a couch beside

the table (much as she lies in the picture), instead of sitting in a chair, and beginning every feast—not with oysters, but with eggs. Very often she drank from a cup which we should call a saucer, without a handle, and with a hollowed boss in the center, into which two fingers went to steady it. She would have had other cups, however, very beautiful ones, and her house must have been furnished with charming jugs, and jars, and dishes, some sacred to the wine-god, Dionysus; some like the tub of Diogenes (which was really no tub, but a jar), and some like just such water-jars as a peasant woman carried by the door behind which the princess lay sleeping to-day.

We do not know her name, but we know that she was young, for the flower sculptured on the marble is single, not double, as it would be had she been past her youth; and we know that she had little Etruscan baby princes and princesses of her own, for in



THE TOMB AT VOLTERRA.



THE TUB OF DIOGENES.



MODERN WATER-JAR.

ria, bringing their wise law-givers, their wonderful art of pottery, their fairy jewelry, and their strange faiths.

The walls they built about every one of their mountain cities, the mighty sewers which drained the marshes of Italy, the aqueducts, and here and there a giant gateway; these remain, but the cities and the people have vanished "from the face of the earth." But not wholly from the earth itself; for deep under mounds and hillocks, cut in the solid rock, men have found buried chambers shaped like the rooms of the living, and each with its enchanted prince or princess lying on the marble lid of its sarcophagus.

Here and there a peasant or a stray scientist passing across the lonely marshlands of Maremma, or the deserted sites of great cities, has stumbled upon or into such a tomb, and beheld for an instant a stately warrior in golden and bronze armor lying as if asleep; and the next moment has seen the warrior tremble like the shaken sands of an hour-glass and crumble in the sunlight, leaving only his bronze shield and golden ornaments

one hand she holds a grain-seed, emblem of motherhood. In her other hand she clasps a fan. Nor do we know from what far land—Assyria, Phœnicia, Egypt—she and her people came to Etru-

ria, upon the bier, and his carved images and beautiful vases about him—or the place where he had been.

The world was young when our princess went to sleep nearly three thousand years ago. Countries, and races, and peoples, and thrones have passed away since. Mighty Rome has risen and fallen; America has been born, and Italy has been born again—in young Italy. We have learned to steam across oceans and continents, to send a whisper round the earth, and fly about it ourselves nearly as fast. But through it all our princess has lain there, clasping her fan and grain-seed, and smiling—the same serene smile which greeted me when, wandering from far America (a land the princess never heard of), I stayed my steps at the door of her low room in the hillside of lonely Volterra, and going down the steep, rude steps by the aid of a bronze lamp, came face to face with her. In three thousand years she had not moved.



SACRED TO DIONYSUS.

And it may be that three thousand years hence, when America has become another Etruria, some one coming from still farther, newer lands will find the little door in the hillside, and entering find, too, my princess still smiling her indifferent smile through all the changes of the earth. If so, I think he will go away, as I went, more thoughtfully and earnestly out into the light, under the blossoming trees, for that little moment with one, of whom, after all, we only know that, in the touching words of the ancient inscription:

"She lived."



THE MALTESE CAT.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.



Drawn by
Frederic Remington.

HEY had good reason to be proud and better reason to be afraid, all twelve of them, for, though they had fought their way, game by game, up the line of teams entered for the polo tournament, they were meeting the Archangels that afternoon in the final match, and the Archangels were playing with half a dozen ponies apiece. As the game was divided into six quarters of eight minutes each, that meant a fresh pony after every halt. The Wuddars' team, even supposing that there were no accidents, could only supply one pony for every other change; and two to one is heavy odds. Again, as Shiraz, the gray Syrian, pointed out, they were meeting the pink and the pick of the polo-ponies of Upper India; ponies that had cost from a thousand rupees each, while they themselves were a cheap lot gathered over the country, often from country carts, by their masters, who belonged to a poor but honest native infantry regiment.

"Money means pace and weight," said Shiraz, rubbing his black-silk nose dolefully along his neat-fitting boot, "and by the maxims of the game as I know it—"

"Ah, but we aren't playing the maxims," said The Maltese Cat. "We're playing the game, and we've the great advantage of knowing the game. Just think a stride, Shiraz. We've pulled up from the bottom to second place in two weeks against these fellows on the ground here, and all because we play with our heads as well as with our feet."

"It makes me feel undersized and unhappy all the same," said Kittiwynk, a mouse-colored mare with a red brow-band and the cleanest pair of legs that an aged pony ever owned. "They've twice our style, these others."

Kittiwynk looked at the gathering and sighed. The hard, dusty Umballa polo-ground was lined with thousands of soldiers, black and white, not counting hundreds and hundreds of carriages, and drags, and dog-carts, and ladies with brilliant-colored parasols, and officers in uniform and out of it, and crowds of natives behind them, and orderlies on camels who had halted to watch the game instead of carrying letters up and down the station, and native horse-dealers running about on thin-eared Biluchi mares, looking for a chance to sell a few first-class polo-ponies. Then there were the ponies of thirty teams that had been entered for the Upper India Free-for-all Cup—nearly every pony of worth and dignity, from Mhow to Reshawar, from Allahabad to Multan—racing ponies, prize ponies, Arab, Syrian, Barb, country-bred, Deccanee, Waziri, and Cabul ponies, of every color, and shape, and temper that you could imagine. Some of them were in mat-roofed stables close to the polo-ground, but most of them were under saddle, while their masters, who had been defeated in the earlier games, trotted in and out,

and told each other exactly how the game should be played.

It was a great sight, and the come-and-go of all the little, quick hoofs, and the incessant salutations of ponies that had met before on other polo-grounds, or race-courses, was enough to drive a four-footed thing wild.

But the Wuddars' team were careful not to know their neighbors, though half the ponies on the ground were anxious to scrape acquaintance with the little fellows that had come from the north and, so far, swept the board.

"Let's see," said a big, golden-colored Arab, who had been playing very badly the day before, to The Maltese Cat, "didn't we meet in Abdul Rahman's stable at Bombay four seasons ago? I won the Paikpattan Cup next season, you may remember."

"Not me," said The Maltese Cat politely. "I was at Malta then, pulling a vegetable cart. I don't race. I play the game."

"O-oh!" said the Arab, cocking his tail and swaggering off.

"Keep yourselves to yourselves," said The Maltese Cat to his companions. "We don't want to rub noses with all the goose-rumped half-breeds of Upper India. When we've won the cup, they'll give their shoes to know us."

"We shan't win the cup," said Shiraz. "How do you feel?"

"Stale as last night's feed when a muskrat has run over it," said Polaris, a rather heavy-shouldered gray, and the rest of the team agreed with him.

"The sooner you forget that the better," said The Maltese Cat cheerfully. "They've finished tiffin in the big tent. We shall be wanted now. If your saddles are not comfy, kick. If your bits aren't easy, rear; and let the saises know whether your boots are tight."

Each pony had his sai's (his groom), who lived, and ate, and slept with the pony, and had betted a great deal more than he could afford on the result of the game. There was no chance of anything going wrong, and to make sure, each sai's was shampooing the legs of his pony till the last minute. Behind the saises sat as many of the Wuddars' regiment as could get leave to attend the match—about half the native officers, and a hundred or two

dark, black-bearded men, with the regimental pipers nervously fingering the big beribboned bagpipes. The Wuddars were what they call a pioneer regiment, and the bagpipes made the national music of half the men. The native officers held bundles of polo-sticks, long cane-handled mallets, and as the grand stand filled after lunch, they arranged themselves by ones and twos at different points round the ground, so that if a stick were broken the player would not have far to ride for a new one. An impatient British cavalry struck up "If You Want to Know the Time, Ask a P'leeceman!" and the two umpires, in light dust-coats, danced out on two little, excited ponies. The four players of the Archangels' team followed, and the sight of their beautiful mounts made Shiraz groan again.

"Wait till we see!" said The Maltese Cat. "Two of 'em are playing in blinkers, and that means they can't see to get out of the way of their own side, or they may shy at the umpires' ponies. They've all got white web reins that are sure to stretch or slip."

"And," said Kittiwynk, dancing to take the stiffness out of her, "they carry their whips in their hands instead of on their wrists. Hah!"

"True enough. No man can manage his stick, and his reins, and his whip that way," said The Maltese Cat. "I've fallen over every square yard of the Malta ground, and I ought to know." He quivered his little, flea-bitten withers, just to show how satisfied he felt, but his heart was not so light. Ever since he had drifted into India on a troop-ship, and was taken, with an old rifle, as part payment for a racing debt, The Maltese Cat had played and preached polo to the Wuddars' team on the Wuddars' stony polo-ground.

Now a polo-pony is like a poet. If he is born with a love for the game, he can be made. The Maltese Cat knew that bamboos grew in order that polo balls might be turned from their roots; that grain was given to ponies to keep them in hard condition, and that ponies were shod to prevent them slipping on a turn. But, besides all these things, he knew every trick and turn of the finest game in the world, and for two seasons he had been teaching the others all he knew or guessed.

"Remember," he said, for the hundredth time, as their riders came up, "You must play together and you must play with your heads. Whatever happens, follow the ball. Who goes out first?"

Kittiwynek, Shiraz, Polaris, and a short, high, little, bay fellow with tremendous hocks and no withers worth speaking of (he was called Corks), were being girthed up for their riders, and the soldiers in the background stared with all their eyes.

"I want you men to keep quiet," said

Lutyens, the captain of the team, "and especially *not* to blow your pipes."

"Not if we win, Captain Sahib?" said a piper.

"If we win, you can do what you please," said Lutyens with a smile, as he slipped the loop of his stick over his wrist and wheeled to canter to his place. The Archangels' ponies were a little bit above themselves on account of the crowd so close to the ground. Their riders were excellent players, but they were a team of crack-players instead of a crack team, and that made all the difference in the world. They honestly meant to play together, but it is very hard for four men, each the best of the team he is picked from, to remember that in polo no brilliancy of hitting or riding makes up for playing alone. Their captain shouted his orders to them by name, and it is a curious thing that if you call his name aloud in public after an Englishman, you make

him hot and fretty. Lutyens said nothing to his men, because it had all been said before. He pulled up Shiraz, for he was playing "back" to guard the goal. Powell, on Polaris, was half-back, and Macnamara and Hughes, on Corks and Kittiwynek, were forwards. The tough bamboo-root ball was put into the middle of the ground, one hundred and fifty yards from either end, and Hughes crossed sticks, heads up, with the captain of the Archangels, who saw fit to play forward, and that is a place from which you cannot easily control your team. The little click as the cane-shafts met was heard all over the ground, and then Hughes made some sort of quick wrist-stroke that just dribbled the ball a few yards. Kittiwynek knew

that stroke of old, and followed as a cat follows a mouse. While the captain of the Archangels was wrenching his pony round, Hughes struck with all his strength and next instant Kittiwynek was away, Corks following close behind her, their little feet pattering like raindrops on glass.

"Pull out to the left," said Kittiwynek, between her teeth. "It's coming your way, Corks."

The back and half-back of the Arch-



Drawn by F. Remington.

CRITICS.

angels were tearing down on her just as she was within reach of the ball. Hughes leaned forward with a loose rein and cut it away to the left almost under Kittiwynk's feet, and it hopped and skipped off to Corks, who saw that if he was not quick it would run beyond the boundaries. That long, bouncing drive gave the Archangels time to wheel and send three men across the ground to head off Corks. Kittiwynk stayed where she was, for she knew the game. Corks was on the ball half a fraction of a second before the others came up, and Macnamara, with a backhanded stroke, sent it back across the ground to Hughes, who saw the way clear to the Archangels' goal, and smacked the ball in before any one quite knew what had happened.

"That's luck," said Corks, as they changed ends. "A goal in three minutes, for three hits and no riding to speak of."

"I dunno," said Polaris. "We've made 'em angry too soon. Shouldn't wonder if they tried to rush us off our feet next time."

"Keep the ball hanging then," said Shiraz; "that wears out every pony that isn't used to it."

Next time there was no easy gallop across the ground. All the Archangels closed up as one man, but there they stayed, for Corks, Kittiwynk, and Polaris were somewhere on top of the ball, marking time among the rattling sticks, while Shiraz circled about outside waiting for a chance.

"We can do this all day," said Polaris, ramming his quarters into the side of another pony. "Where do you think you're shoving to?"

"I'll—I'll be driven in an ekka if I know," was the gasping reply, "and I'd give a week's feed to get my blinkers off. I can't see anything."

"The dust is rather bad. Whew! That was one for my off hock. Where's the ball, Corks?"

"Under my tail. At least a man is looking for it there. This is beautiful. They can't use their sticks, and it's driving 'em wild. Give old Blinkers a push and he'll go over."

"Here, don't touch me! I can't see. I'll—I'll back out, I think," said the pony in blinkers, who knew that if you can't

see all round your head you cannot ward yourself against a shock.

Corks was watching the ball where it lay in the dust, close to his near fore, with Macnamara's shortened stick tap-tapping it from time to time. Kittiwynk was edging her way out of the scrummage, whisking her stump of a tail with nervous excitement.

"Ho! They've got it," she snorted. "Let me out!" And she galloped, like a rifle bullet, just behind a tall, lanky pony of the Archangels, whose rider was swinging up his stick for a stroke.

"Not to-day, thank you," said Hughes, as the blow slid off his raised stick, and Kittiwynk laid her shoulder to the tall pony's quarters and shoved him aside just as Lutyens, on Shiraz, sent the ball where it had come from, and the tall pony went skating and hopping away to the left. Kittiwynk, seeing that Polaris had joined Corks in the chase for the ball up the grounds, dropped into Polaris's place, and just then time was called.

The Wuddars' ponies wasted no time in kicking or fuming. They knew that each minute's rest meant so much gain, and trotted off to the rails and their saises, who began to scrape, and blanket, and rub them at once.

"Whew!" said Corks, bracing up to get all the tickle of the big vulcanite scraper. "If we were playing pony for pony, we'd bend those Archangels double in half an hour. But they'll bring out fresh ones, and fresh ones, and fresh ones after that. You see!"

"Who cares?" said Polaris. "We've drawn first blood. 'Is my hock swelling?"

"Looks puffy," said Corks. "You must have got rather a wipe. Don't let it stiffen. You'll be wanted again in half an hour."

"What's the game like?" said The Maltese Cat.

"Ground's like your shoe except where they've put too much water on it," said Kittiwynk. "Then it's slippery. Don't play in the center. There's a bog there. I don't know how their next four are going to behave, but we kept the ball hanging and made 'em lather for nothing. Who goes out? Two Arabs and a couple of country-breds! That's bad. What a comfort it is to wash your mouth out!"



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

ON THE BALL.

Kitty was talking with the neck of a leather-covered soda-water bottle between her teeth and trying to look over her withers at the same time. This gave her a very coquettish air.

"What's bad?" said Gray Dawn, giving to the girth, and admiring his well-set shoulders.

"You Arabs can't gallop fast enough to keep yourselves warm—that's what Kitty means," said Polaris, limping ostentatiously, to show that he wanted his hock attended to. "Are you playing 'back,' Gray Dawn?"

"Looks like it," said Gray Dawn, as Lut-yens swung himself up. Powell mounted The Rabbit, a plain bay country-bred, much like Corks, but with mulish ears; Macnamara took Faiz Ullah, a bandy little, short backed little, red Arab with a long tail, and Hughes mounted Benami, an old and sullen brown beast, who stood over in front more than a polo-pony should.

"Benami looks like business," said Shiraz. "How's your temper, Ben?" The old campaigner hobbled off without answering, and The Maltese Cat looked at the new Archangel ponies prancing about on the ground. They were four beautiful blacks, and they saddled big enough and strong enough to eat the Wuddars' team and gallop away with the meal inside them.

"Slinkers again," said The Maltese Cat. "Good enough."

"They're chargers—cavalry chargers," said Kittiwynk indignantly. "They'll never see thirteen three again."

"They've all been fairly measured and they've all got their certificates," said The Maltese Cat, "or they wouldn't be here. We must take things as they come along, and keep our eyes on the ball."

The game began, but this time the Wuddars were penned to their own end of the ground, and the idle ponies did not like that.

"Faiz Ullah is shirking—as usual," said Polaris with a scornful grunt.

"Faiz Ullah is eating whip," said Corks. They could hear the leather-thonged polo quirt lacing the little fellow's well-rounded barrel. Then The Rabbit's shrill neigh came across the ground.

"I can't do all the work," he cried.

"Play the game—don't talk," The Maltese Cat whickered, and all the waiting ponies wriggled with excitement, and the soldiers and the saises gripped the railings and shouted. A black pony with blinkers had singled out old Benami and was interfering with him in every possible way. They could see Benami shaking his head up and down and flapping his under lip.

"There'll be a fall in a minute," said Polaris. "Benami is getting stuffy."

The game flickered up and down between goal-post and goal-post, and the black ponies were getting more confident as they felt they had the legs of the others. The ball was hit out of a little scrimmage, and Benami and The Rabbit followed it, Faiz Ullah only too glad to be quiet for an instant.

The blinkered, black pony came up like a hawk, with two of his own side behind him, and Benami's eye glittered as he raced. The question was which pony should make way for the other, for each rider was perfectly willing to risk a fall in a good cause. The black, who had been driven nearly crazy by his blinkers, trusted to his weight and his temper; but Benami knew how to apply his weight and how to keep his temper. They met and there was a cloud of dust. The black was lying on his side, with all the breath knocked out of his body. The Rabbit was a hundred yards up the ground with the ball, and Benami was sitting down. He had slid nearly ten yards, but he had got his revenge, and sat cracking his nostrils till the black pony rose.

"That's what you get for interfering. Do you want any more?" said Benami, and he plunged into the game. Nothing was done, because Faiz Ullah would not gallop, and Macnamara beat him whenever he could spare a second. The fall of the black pony had impressed his companions tremendously, and so the Archangels could not profit by Faiz Ullah's bad behavior.

But as The Maltese Cat said when time was called and the four came back blowing and dripping, Faiz Ullah ought to have been kicked all round Umballa. If he did not behave better next time, The Maltese Cat promised to pull out his Arab tail by the roots and eat it.

There was no time to talk, for the third four were ordered out. The third quarter of a game is generally the hottest, for each side thinks that the others must be pumped and most of the winning play in a game is made about that time.

Lutyens took The Maltese Cat with a pet and a hug, for Lutyens valued him more than anything else in the world. Powell had Shikast, a little gray rat with no pedigree and no manners outside of

polo; Macnamara mounted Bamboo, the largest of the team, and Hughes, Who's Who's, alias The Animal. He was supposed to have Australian blood in his veins, but he looked like a clothes-horse, and you could whack him on the legs with an iron crowbar without hurting him.

They went out to meet the flower of the Archangels' team, and when Who's Who's saw their elegantly booted legs and their beautiful satiny skins, he grinned a grin through his light, well-worn bridle.

"My word!" said Who's Who's. "We must give 'em a little foot-ball. Those gentlemen need a rubbing down."

"No biting," said The Maltese Cat warningly, for once or twice in his career Who's Who's had been known to forget himself in that way.

"Who said anything about biting? I'm not playing tiddlywinks. I'm playing the game."

The Archangels came down like a wolf on the fold, for they were tired of foot-ball and they wanted polo. They got it, and more. Just after the game began, Lutyens hit a ball that was coming toward him rapidly, and it rose in the air, as a ball sometimes will, with the whir of a frightened partridge. Shikast heard, but could not see it for the minute, though he looked everywhere, and up into the air, as The Maltese Cat had taught him. When he saw it ahead, and overhead, he went forward with Powell as fast as he could put foot to ground. It was then that Powell, a quiet and level-headed man, as a rule, became inspired and played a stroke that sometimes comes off successfully on a quiet afternoon of long practice. He took his stick in both hands and, standing up in his stirrups, swiped at the ball in the air,—Munipore fashion. There was one second of paralyzed astonishment and then all four sides of the ground went up in a yell of applause and delight, as the ball flew true (you could see the amazed Archangels ducking in their saddles to get out of the line of flight, and looking at it with open mouths), and the regimental pipes of the Wuddars squealed from the railings as long as the piper had breath.

Shikast heard the stroke, but he heard the head of the stick fly off at the same time. Nine hundred and ninety-nine

ponies out of a thousand would have gone tearing on after the ball with a useless player pulling at their heads, but Powell knew him and he knew Powell, and the instant he felt Powell's right leg shift a trifle on the saddle-flap, he headed to the boundary where a native officer was frantically waving a new stick. Before the shouts had ended, Powell was round again. Once before in his life The Maltese Cat had heard that very same stroke played off his own back and had profited by the confusion it made. This time he acted on experience, and leaving Bamboo to guard the goal in case of accidents, came through the others like a flash, head and tail low, Lutyens standing up to ease him, swept on and on before the other side knew what was the matter, and nearly pitched on his head between the Archangels' goal-post as Lutyens tipped the ball in after a straight scurry of a hundred and fifty yards. If there was one thing more than another upon which The Maltese Cat prided himself, it was in this quick, streaking run half across the ground. He did not believe in taking balls round the ground unless you were clearly overmatched. Then they gave the Archangels five minutes foot-ball, and an expensive, fast pony hates foot-ball because it rumples his temper.

Who's Who's showed himself even better than Polaris in this game. He didn't permit any wriggling away, but bored joyfully into the scrimmage as if he had his nose in a feed-box and was looking for something nice. Little Shikast jumped on the ball the minute it got clear, and every time an Archangel pony followed it he found Shikast standing over it asking what was the matter.

"If we can live through this quarter," said The Maltese Cat, "I shan't care. Don't take it out of yourselves. Let them do the lathering."

So the ponies, as their riders explained afterwards, "shut up." The Archangels kept them tied fast in front of their goal, but it cost the Archangel ponies all that was left of their tempers, and ponies began to kick, and men began to repeat compliments, and they chopped at the legs of Who's Who's, and he set his teeth and stayed where

he was, and the dust stood up like a tree over the scrimmage till that hot quarter ended.

They found the ponies very excited and confident when they went to their saises, and The Maltese Cat had to warn them that the worst of the game was coming.

"Now *we* are all going in for the second time," said he, "and *they* are trotting out fresh ponies. You'll think you can gallop, but you'll find you can't, and then you'll be sorry."

"But two goals to nothing is a long lead," said Kittiwynk prancing.

"How long does it take to get a goal?" The Maltese Cat answered.

"For pity's sake don't run away with the notion that the game is half won, just because we happen to be in luck now. They'll ride you into the grand stand if they can, and you must not give 'em a chance. Follow the ball!"

"Foot-ball, as usual!" said Polaris.

"My hock's half as big as a nose-bag."

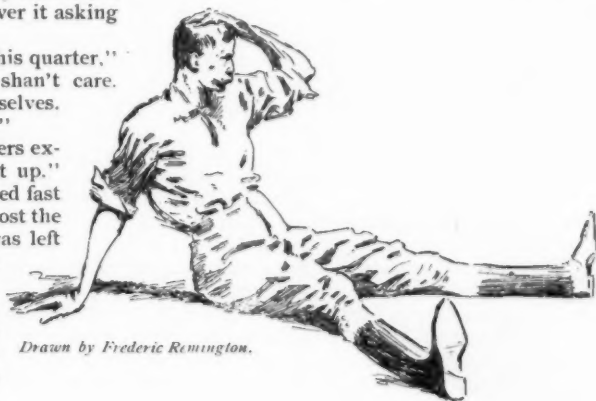
"Don't let them have a look at the ball, if you can help it. Now leave me alone. I must get all the rest I can before the last quarter."

He hung down his head and let all his muscles go slack, Shikast, Bamboo, and Who's Who's copying his example.

"Better not watch the game," he said.

"We aren't playing, and we shall only take it out of ourselves if we grow anxious. Look at the ground and pretend it's practice."

They did their best, but it was hard advice to follow. The hoofs were drumming and the sticks were rattling all up



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

and down the ground, and yells of applause from the English troops told that the Archangels were pressing the Wuddars hard. The native soldiers behind the ponies groaned and grunted, and said things in undertones, and presently they heard a long-drawn shout and a clatter of hurrahs.

"One to the Archangels," said Shikast, without raising his head. "Time's nearly up. Oh, my sire and dam!"

"Faiz Ullah," said The Maltese Cat, "if you don't play to the last nail in your shoes this time, I'll kick you on the grounds before all the other ponies."

"I'll do my best when my time comes," said the little Arab steadily.

The saises looked at each other gravely as they rubbed their ponies' legs. This was the time when long purses began to tell, and everybody knew it. Kittiwynk and the others came back with the sweat dripping over their hoofs and their tails telling stories.

"They're better than we are," said Shikast. "I knew how it would be."

"Shut your big head," said The Maltese Cat. "We've one goal to the good yet."

"Yes, but it's two Arabs and two country-breds to play now," said Corks. "Faiz Ullah, remember!" He spoke in an awful voice.

As Lutyens mounted Gray Dawn he looked at his men and they did not look pretty. They were covered with dust and sweat in streaks. Their boots were almost black, their wrists were red and lumpy, and their eyes seemed two inches deep in their heads, but the expression in the eyes was satisfactory.

"Did you take anything at tiffin?" said Lutyens, and the team shook their heads. They were too dry to talk.

"All right. The Archangels did. They are worse pumped than we are."

"They've got the better ponies," said Powell. "I shan't be sorry when this business is over."

That fifth quarter was a sad one in every way. Faiz Ullah played like a little red demon; and The Rabbit seemed to be everywhere at once, and Benami rode straight at anything and everything that came in his way; while the umpires on their ponies wheeled like gulls outside the shifting game. But the Archangels had

the better mounts—they had kept their racers till late in the game—and never allowed the Wuddars to play foot-ball. They hit the ball up and down the width of the ground till Benami and the rest were outpaced, and then bent forward, and, time and again, Lutyens and Gray Dawn were just, and only just, able to send the ball away with a long, splitting hander. Gray Dawn forgot that he was an Arab, and turned from gray to blue as he galloped. Indeed, he forgot too well, for he did not keep his eyes on the ground, as an Arab will, but stuck out his nose and scuttled for the dear honor of the game. They had watered the ground once or twice between the quarters, and a careless waterman had emptied the last of his skiful all in one place, near the Wuddars' goal. It was close to the end of play, and for the tenth time Gray Dawn was bolting after a ball, when his near hind foot slipped on the greasy ground and he rolled over and over, pitching Lutyens just clear of the goal-post; and the triumphant Archangels made their goal. Then time was called—two goals all; but Lutyens had to be helped up, and Gray Dawn rose with his near hind leg strained somewhere.

"What's the damage?" said Powell, with his arm round Lutyens.

"Collar-bone, of course," said Lutyens, between his teeth. It was the third time he had broken it in two years, and it hurt him.

Powell and the others whistled. "The game's up," said Hughes.

"Hold on. We've five good minutes yet, and it isn't my playing hand," said Lutyens. "We'll stick it out."

"I say," said the captain of the Archangels, trotting up. "Are you hurt, Lutyens? We'll wait, if you care to put in a substitute. I wish—I mean—the fact is you fellows deserve this game, if any team does. Wish we could give you a man, or some of our ponies—or something."

"You're awfully good, but we'll play it to a finish, I think."

The captain of the Archangels stared and put up his eyebrows. "That's not half bad," he said, and went back to his own side, while Lutyens borrowed a scarf from one of his native officers and made a sling of it. Then an Archangel galloped

up with a big bath-sponge and advised Lutyens to put it under his arm-pit to ease his shoulder, and between them they tied up his left arm scientifically, and one of the native officers leaped forward with four long glasses that fizzed and bubbled.

The team looked at Lutyens thirstily, and he nodded. It was the last quarter, and would nothing matter after that? They drank out that dark, golden drink and wiped their mustaches, and things looked more hopeful.

The Maltese Cat had put his nose into the front of Lutyens' shirt, and was trying to say how sorry he was.

"He knows," said Lutyens proudly. "The little beggar knows. I've played him without a bridle before now—for fun."

"It's no fun now," said Powell. "But we haven't a decent substitute."

"No," said Lutyens. "It's the last quarter, and we got to make our goal and win. I'll trust The Cat."

"If you fall this time, you'll suffer a little," said Macnamara.

"I'll trust The Cat," said Lutyens.

"You hear that!" said The Maltese Cat proudly, to the others. "It's worth while playing polo for ten years to have that said of you. Now, then, my sons, come along. We'll kick up a little bit just to show the Archangels *this* team haven't suffered."

And sure enough, as they went on to the ground, The Maltese Cat, after satisfying himself that Lutyens was home in the saddle, kicked out three or four times, and Lutyens laughed. The reins were caught up anyhow in the tips of his strapped hand, and he never pretended to rely on them. He knew The Maltese Cat would answer to the least pressure of the leg, and by way of showing off, for his shoulder hurt him very much, he bent the little fellow in a close figure-of-eight in and out between the goal-posts. There was a roar from the native officers and men, who dearly loved a piece of dugabashi (horse-trick work), as they called it, and the pipes very quietly and scornfully droned out the first bars of a common bazaar tune called "Freshly Fresh and Newly New," just as a warning to the other regiments that their side were fit. All the natives laughed.

"And now," said The Maltese Cat, as

they took their places, "remember that this is the last quarter; and follow the ball!"

"Don't need to be told," said Who's Who's.

"Let me go on. All those people on all four sides will begin to crowd in, just as they did at Malta. You'll hear people calling out, and moving forward, and being pushed back, and that is going to make the Archangel ponies very unhappy. But if a ball is struck to the boundary, you go after it, and let the people get out of your way. I went over the pole of a four-in-hand, and that won the game. Back me up when I run and follow the ball."

There was sort of an all-round sound of sympathy and wonder as the last quarter opened, and then there began exactly what The Maltese Cat had foreseen. People crowded in close to the boundaries, and the Archangels' ponies kept looking sideways at the narrowing space. If you know how a man feels to be cramped at tennis,—not because he wants to run out of the court, but because he likes to know that he can at a pinch,—you can guess how ponies must feel when they are playing in a box of human beings.

"I'll bend some of those men if I can get away," said Who's Who's, as he rocketed behind the ball; and Bamboo nodded without speaking. They were playing the last ounce in them, and The Maltese Cat had left the goal undefended to join them. Lutyens gave him every order that he could to bring him back, but this was the first time in his career that the little, wise gray had ever played polo on his own responsibility, and he was going to make the most of it.

"What are you doing here?" said Hughes, as The Manx Cat crossed in front of him and rode off an Archangel.

"The Cat's in charge. Mind the goal!" shouted Lutyens, and bowing forward hit the ball full and followed on, forcing the Archangels toward their own goal.

"No foot-ball," said The Maltese Cat. "Keep the ball by the boundaries, and cramp 'em. Play open order, and drive 'em to the boundaries."

Across and across the ground in big diagonals flew the ball, and whenever it came to a flying rush and a stroke close to the boundaries, the Archangel ponies

moved stiffly. They did not care to go headlong at a wall of men and carriages, though if the ground had been open they could have turned on a sixpence.

"Wriggle her up the sides," said The Manx Cat. "Keep her close to the crowd. They hate the carriages. Shikast, keep her up this side!"

Shikast and Powell lay left and right behind the uneasy scuffle of an open scrimmage, and every time the ball was hit away Shikast galloped on it at such an angle that Powell was forced to hit it toward the boundary, and when the crowd had been driven away from that side, Lutyens would send the ball over to the other, and Shikast would slide desperately after it till his friends came down to help. It was billiards and no foot-ball this time,—billiards in a corner-pocket, and the cues were not well chalked.

"If they get us out in the middle of the ground, they'll walk away from us. Dribble her along," cried The Manx Cat.

So they dribbled all along the boundary where a pony could not come on their right-hand side, and the Archangels were furious, and the umpires had to neglect the game to shout at the people to get back, and several blundering, mounted policemen tried to restore order, all close to the scrimmage, and the nerves of the Archangels' ponies stretched and broke like cobwebs.

Five or six times an Archangel hit the ball up into the middle of the ground, and each time the watchful Shikast gave Powell his chance to send it back, and after each return, when the dust had settled, men could see that the Wuddars had gained a few yards.

Every now and again there were shouts of "Side! off side!" from the spectators, but the teams were too busy to care, and the umpires had all they could do to keep their maddened ponies clear of the scuffle.

At last Lutyens missed a short, easy stroke and the Wuddars had to fly back helter-skelter to protect their own goal, Shikast leading. Powell stopped the ball with a backhander when it was not fifty yards from the goal-posts, and Shikast spun round with a wrench that nearly hoisted Powell out of his saddle.

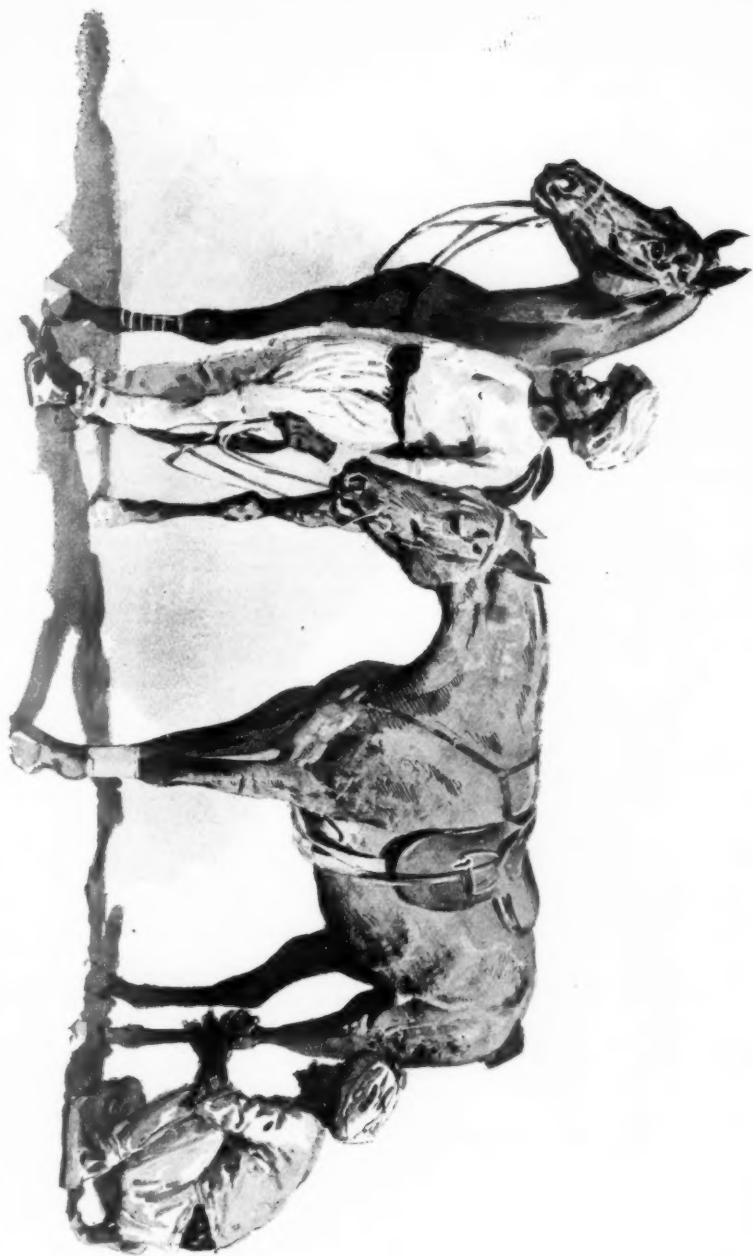
"Now's our last chance," said The Maltese Cat, wheeling like a cockchafer

on a spin. "We've got to ride it out. Come along!"

Lutyens felt the little chap take a deep breath and, as it were, crouch under his rider. The ball was hopping toward the right-hand boundary, and an Archangel was riding for it with both spurs and a whip; but neither spur nor whip would make the pony stretch himself as he came nearer to the crowd. The Maltese Cat glided under his very nose, picking up his hind legs sharp, for there was not a foot to spare between his quarters and the other pony's bit. It was as neat an exhibition as fancy figure-skating. Lutyens hit with all the strength he had left, but the stick slipped a little in his hand and the ball flew off to the left instead of keeping close to the boundary. Who's Who's was far across the ground, thinking hard as he galloped. He repeated, stride for stride, The Cat's maneuver with another Archangel pony; nipping the ball away from under his bridle and clearing his opponent by half a fraction of an inch, for Who's Who's was clumsy behind. Then he drove away toward the right as The Maltese Cat came up from the left, and Bamboo held a middle course exactly between them; the three were making a sort of government broad-arrow shaped attack, and there was only the Archangels' back to guard the goal; but immediately behind them were three Archangels racing all they knew, and mixed up with them was Powell standing Shikast in what he felt was their last hope.

It takes a very good man to stand up to the rush of seven crazy ponies in the last quarter of a cup game, when men are riding with their necks for sale and the ponies are delirious. The Archangels' back missed his stroke and pulled aside just in time to let the rush go by. Bamboo and Who's Who's shortened stride to give The Maltese Cat room, and Lutyens got the goal with a clean, smooth stroke that was heard all over the field. But there was no stopping the ponies. They poured through the goal-posts in one mixed mob, winners and losers together, for the pace had been terrific. The Maltese Cat knew by experience what would happen and, to save Lutyens, turned to the right with one last effort that strained a back sinew beyond any hope of repair. As he did so he heard the right-hand goal-

Drawn by Frederic Remington.



INTERESTED SPECTATORS.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

"WE'VE GOT TO RIDE IT OUT. COME ALONG!"

post crack as a pony cannoned into it—crack and splinter and fall like a mast. It had been sawed three parts through in case of accidents; but it upset the pony, nevertheless, and he blundered into another who blundered into the left-hand post, and then there was confusion, and dust, and wood. Bamboo was lying on the ground seeing stars, an Archangel pony was beside him breathless and angry. Shikast had sat down, dog style, to avoid falling over the others, and was sliding along on his little tail in a cloud of dust, and Powell was sitting on the ground hammering with his stick and trying to cheer. All the others were shouting at the top of what was left of their voices, and the men who had been spilt were shouting, too, and as soon as the people saw no one had been hurt, ten thousand native and English shouted, and clapped, and yelled, and before any one could stop them the pipers of the Wud-dars broke on to the ground with all the native officers and men behind them and marched up and down playing a wild Northern tune called Zakhme Bagan, and through the insolent blaring of the pipes and the high-pitched native yells you could hear the Archangels' band hammering: "For They are All Jolly Good Fellows," and then reproachfully to the losing team: "Ooh Kafoozalum! Kafoo—Zalum! Kafoozalum."

Besides all these things, and many more, there was a commander-in-chief, and an inspector-general of cavalry, and

the principal veterinary officer in all India, standing on the top of a regimental coach yelling like school-boys, and brigadiers, and colonels, and commissioners, and hundreds of pretty ladies joined the chorus. But The Maltese Cat stood with his head down, wondering how many legs were left to him, and Lutyens watched the men and ponies pick themselves out of the wreck of the two goal-posts, and he patted The Maltese Cat very tenderly.

"I say," said the captain of the Archangels, spitting a pebble out of his mouth, "Will you take three thousand for that pony, as he stands?"

"Not that, thank you. I've an idea he's saved my life," said Lutyens, getting off and lying down at full length. Both teams were on the ground, too, waving their boots in the air, and coughing and drawing deep breaths as the saises ran up to take away the ponies, and an officious waterman sprinkled the players with dirty water till they sat up.

"My aunt!" said Powell, rubbing his back at last and looking at the stumps of the goal-posts. "That was a game!"

They played it over again, every stroke of it, that night at the big dinner, when the Free-for-all Cup was filled and passed down the table and emptied and filled again, and everybody made most wonderful speeches. About two in the morning, when there might have been some singing, a wise little, plain little, gray little head looked in through the open door.

"Hurrah! Bring him in," said the Archangels, and his sai's, who was very happy, indeed, patted The Maltese Cat on the flank, and he limped in to the blaze of light and the glittering uniforms looking for Lutyens. He was used to messes, and men's bedrooms, and places where ponies are not usually encouraged, and in his youth he had jumped on and off a mess-table for a bet. So he behaved himself very politely and ate bread dipped in salt, and was petted all round the table, moving gingerly, and they drank his health, because he had done more to win

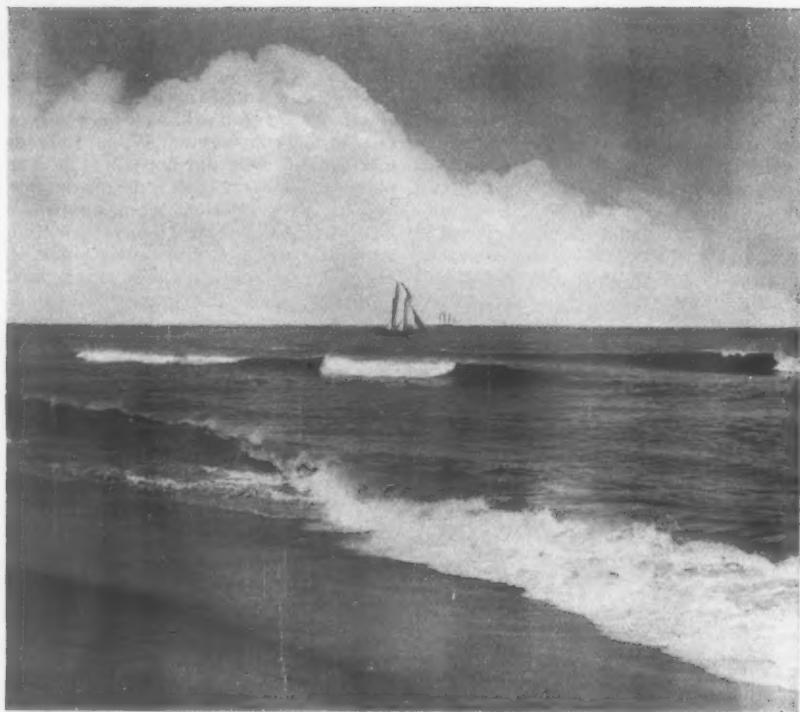
the cup than any man or horse on the ground.

That was glory and honor enough for the rest of his days, and The Maltese Cat did not complain much when the veterinary surgeon said that he would be no use for polo again. When Lutyens married, his wife did not allow him to play, so he was forced to be an umpire, and his pony on those occasions was a flea-bitten gray with a neat polo-tail, lame all round, but desperately quick on his feet, and, as everybody knew, past pluperfect prestissimo player of the game.



Drawn by Frederic Remington.

THREE OLD FRIENDS.



BATHING AT THE AMERICAN SEA-SHORE RESORTS.

BY J. HOWE ADAMS.

THE influence which the summer resorts throughout the country exert in molding the diverse elements of American society into a homogeneous, sympathetic union, has never been fully appreciated or estimated in our various fits of introspection; while, of course, the foreign observer as a rule misses this side and force of American life entirely. The area of the United States is so extensive, its interests are so various, and its climates so unlike, that one of the greatest dangers to which we have been exposed has been the liability of the country falling apart from its own weight, as an unwieldy, helpless mass. This fear, according to foreign ideas, grew into a reality at the outbreak of our Civil war, although the wish was the father of the thought,

as the world now knows. But while the United States may never be severed in the white heat of passion, there still exists the possibility that the various sections may become, eventually, so unsympathetic that the great sentimental feeling, which is, after all, the real bond that holds the states together, may be weakened or even lost entirely.

Consequently, anything which counteracts this tendency, by bringing the people of the various sections into closer contact and recurring friendships, is of untold benefit to the country. It is impossible to get any positive information on the subject, but, undoubtedly, at least two million people go to some resort or another for a shorter or longer period during the summer. These two million people are



By courtesy of Mr. James F. Wood.

ONE OF THE TRAGEDIES.

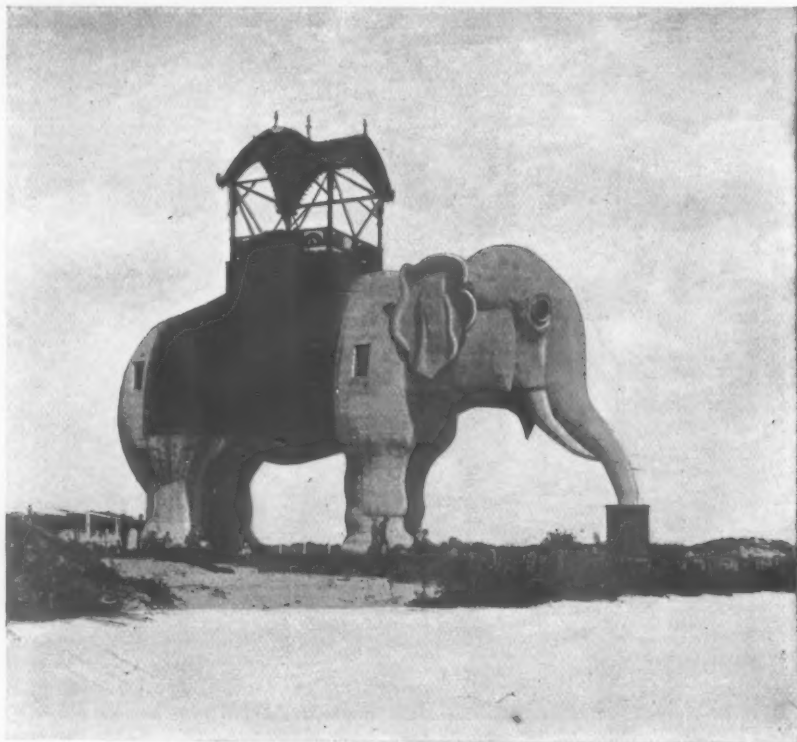
not a section cut abruptly out of any one region, but come from every state in the Union ; when these figures are studied, it can be seen that the effect of these summer excursions in every direction is inconceivable.

There is no phenomenon of this kind seen in Europe ; no other part of the civilized globe affords the sight of a large proportion of population changing its residence regularly in the summer. In fact, this feature in summer life is a new idea practically the world over ; it began only in the last century in Europe. It dates from Civil war time, and even practically from the time of the Centennial in this country. Here in America we are still in a stage of transition as far as our sports and pleasures go, and our possibilities in this line are being developed every year. A wave of healthy athleticism in its proper sense is rapidly growing everywhere, and the introduction of more

time for rest is becoming general. As we grow older, the summer life at the sea-shore and mountain resorts is steadily gaining in numbers and importance.

This cementing of the sections of the country is only one of the missions of the summer resort, but it has another aspect. We do not realize it, because we live our lives without thought of the influences of the present. Our social life, outside of the few great cities, is yet unformed ; the summer resort is the great school that is educating the country into accepting the same social standards and customs. It is true that on the other hand it is destroying a certain diversity and picturesqueness in our life, but it is certainly building up a better, firmer conception of the duties owed to one's fellow-beings. The attitude of the individual observer decides whether this change is a gain or a loss in a republican country.

There are various influences which have



ONE SPECIES OF JERSEY PACHYDERM.



By courtesy of Mr. R. F. Engle.

A DIP IN THE SURF.

brought about this annual hejira. In the first place, the intense heat of the American summer undoubtedly has had a great influence in forcing the people of the cities to emigrate during that season. With this example set them—for the American people are intensely imitative—the people from the smaller towns and villages who are not compelled to leave home on account of the heat, do go, simply because it is the fashion among their neighbors and friends. This is the great determining cause, but there are many lesser impulses also at work to produce the grand result.

With characteristic independence, this summer world has been productive of many new features in our ever-changing American life; among them is the personification of the genius of summer in its freedom, its winsomeness, its camaraderie, in the so-called "summer girl," a type which baffles all attempts at classification or description. Again, the intense heat and the necessary freedom of motion have developed a style of dress as light and summery as it is in the tropics. The use of light flannels, cotton goods, linens, and muslins, has been developed far beyond anything seen abroad. The clothes seen in European sea-shore resorts, in comparison, are heavy, dark, and ugly.

There are many types of sea-shore resorts scattered along our coast, varying in appearance and customs from those



By courtesy of Mr. R. F. Engle.

LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

hidden romantically on the steep hills and rocky shores of New England, to those scattered on the hot, flat sands of the Jersey coast, with its monotonous outlines. But to study the bathing customs of the American sea-shore, it is necessary to confine our attention to that series of remarkable resorts along the coast of New Jersey. It is true that there is a considerable amount of bathing done in New England, especially at such resorts as

Narragansett Pier, 'Sconset, and the places near Boston; but as it improves in type and in numbers it approaches the better features of the Jersey bathing. When thirty thousand people bathe at one time at one place, as has frequently occurred at Atlantic City, it is only proper to recognize that spot as the foun-



AFTER THE BATH.

tain-head of American salt-water bathing.

The Jersey coast affords the ideal attractions for salt-water bathing: a long, gently-sloping stretch of sand, pleasant to walk over, extends by easy degrees into the ocean, avoiding the danger of undertow or "sea-puss," but still sloping enough to allow the venturesome bather an opportunity to reach deep water. This slope is just the happy medium between the steep beaches of Étretat

and Brighton and the long, flat stretches of Ostend and Barmouth, over which one must wade for many weary moments to reach even tolerably deep water. The surf, too, is always present, generally being strong enough to add a pleasant feature to the bath, while no attention need be paid to the state of the tide, no life-



By courtesy of Mr. James F. Wood.

COMPARE THESE WITH BICYCLE COSTUMES!



By courtesy of Mr. R. F. Engle.

BREAKING.

ropes are required, and the temperature of the water is generally cold enough to be gently stimulating.

This description refers in greater truth to the resorts in the southern half of Jersey, beginning at Cape May, probably the finest beach in the world for bathing, applying in a lesser degree to Sea Isle City and Atlantic City, while the bathing at Spring Lake Beach and Long Branch is frequently dangerous, and generally unpleasant.

Cape May is the pioneer of American sea-shore resorts. For many years before the Civil war, the place was known and used as a summer resort by Baltimoreans and Philadelphians; and to this day it has an air of stateliness about it that is homelike and fascinating. For many years, Atlantic City posed as the giddy younger sister of this prim old maid, but now, grown great and opulent, it has completely dwarfed its elder and stands now the largest sea-shore resort on the continent. The upper resorts are various

echoes of Atlantic City or Cape May, except Long Branch, which, because it can boast no decent bathing, shows its contempt, and enviously decides that bathing is unfashionable.

There is a great impression prevailing in Europe that our bathing dresses and customs are grossly bold and suggestive. This mistaken idea grows undoubtedly from the class of illustration and incident which goes abroad, just as, similarly, French bathing has been grossly libeled by French writers and artists. It is a much vexed question anyway, this idea of modesty. Like the definition of beauty, it is impossible, almost, to draw the line in bathing or in the ball-room. The individual case must be decided on its own merits. After all is said, the question of modesty simply resolves itself into a question of custom. The authorities may attempt to regulate the suits, as they do at Asbury Park, but it is futile. It is far better to rest on the existence of a healthy public sentiment, which, after all, settles



By courtesy of Mr. James F. Wood.

ITS LAST PORT.

all questions. I remember seeing a young woman wear the ordinary knickerbocker costume of our resorts at an inland bathing-place in South Jersey, where the old-fashioned ankle trousers with long skirts were still in vogue. The feeling of horror at such daring spread to all there, for it was a breach of custom, and the costume, which would have been modest and pretty elsewhere, looked most shocking in the midst of its uglier companions. Consequently, while American society now accepts the short skirt, knickerbockers, and long, black stockings as the proper suit for a woman bather, yet it is a costume that in the city, or even on the sea-shore board-walk, would be simply scandalous.

There has grown up at the various resorts the use of lighter shaded flannels, silks, and serges as suitings for bathing

dressess. In most instances they should be avoided by the right-minded American woman, for most of them become more or less transparent on being wet, and cling as if dipped in glue. Black, dark blue, and deep maroon are the only proper colors for the salt-water bath.



By courtesy of Mr. John G. Bullock.

FIRST LESSONS IN SEAMANSHIP.

By courtesy of Mr. James E. Wood.

A SUNDAY MORNING AT ATLANTIC CITY.





A SUN-BATH ON THE SANDS.

When the American woman becomes daring in her dress or conduct, she follows the great American tendency and goes to the last extremes. I never saw at any European sea-shore resorts costumes

that were as suggestive or indecent as the thin, white suits which a dozen women bathers wear every summer at Atlantic City. Nor do we see abroad such looseness of behavior as is tolerated occasionally at our larger resorts. To the credit of the vast majority of bathers it must be conceded that such dressing or conduct is conspicuous more from its rarity, and exists simply from the great underlying principle that the authorities cannot interfere with one's personal tastes or ideas of propriety.

The morning hours are used invariably by the American bather; only servants, and those unfortunates who are compelled to come down from town late in the day, use the afternoon. Again, the time is sharply marked for bathing from about eleven o'clock to one. This is unfortunate, as the Englishman, who bathes before breakfast, and the Frenchman, before his coffee, can testify. Americans do not yet use the beach as it can be utilized. One of the greatest sights at Ostend or



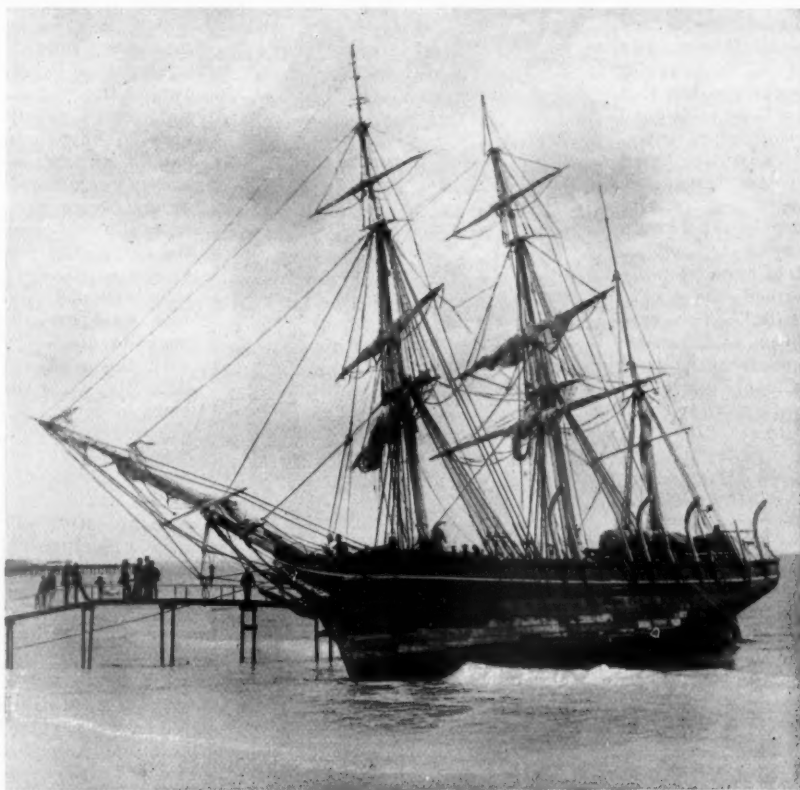
By courtesy of Mr. James F. Wood,

THE BEACH IN WINTER.

Trouville is to watch the family gather on the beach in tents or "wind-chairs" to study, work, or read for the day, while the children, near-by, are building the greatest fortifications and mountains imaginable in the sand.

With their customary directness and hatred of detail, the American bath is

Amusements on the sea-shore have been developed in a different direction than abroad. The open air café, where one can sit and listen to good music and watch the ocean and the bathing, which is the only attraction at Trouville, the many open air shows of Brighton, which are continually intruding on the visitor, are lacking



CAST UP IN THE NIGHT-TIME.

stripped of all the various luxuries which are encouraged in France; the peignoir is never seen, the baigneur is practically absent, and the cabinet-de-luxe, as is befitting in a republican country, is conspicuous only by its absence. As it is with the English, so it is in America: there is usually only one fixed charge for bathing at the resorts, which includes everything. Nothing could be simpler in form than the process of ocean-bathing in America.

in America. Except at such resorts as Coney Island, Atlantic City, and Long Branch, there are very few amusements outside of those furnished by the sea or its surroundings.

The two great dangers of American bathing are the undertow and the "seapuss." The undertow varies at different stages of the tide, and with the different strengths of the surf; it is simply the return of the volume of water that has been thrown up on the beach, and the

stronger the surf, the greater the undertow. It may have curious deviations; instead of running straight out to sea, it may extend up or down the beach, so that the surprised bather sometimes finds himself continually working a hundred yards or so beyond his point of entry. The other and greater danger of bathing is the largely unknown "sea-puss," or, as it is more properly termed, the "sea-purse." This condition of affairs results from the great influence which the winds have on ocean currents. Its formation is easily explained; for example, if the wind has been blowing steadily from one quarter, the surf will break on the beach from that direction, when, suddenly, the wind shifts to another quarter; as



By courtesy of Mr. James F. Wood.

TWO BATHERS.

a result, a second current of water is started, which, meeting the first current nearer the shore, causes the ocean to "purse up," forming a small whirlpool, which ends in an undertow running strongly out to sea. It was the writer's unfortunate experience to have been caught in one of these "sea-purses" several years ago; as an illustration of its force, the fact that two bathers were drowned, and four were brought back to life only with the greatest difficulty, is sufficient evidence.

Strangely enough, it is the good swimmer, as a rule, who is drowned in ocean-bathing. Summer after summer, drunken men, children, and venturesome women who cannot swim, come out of the ordeal with safety, while

the good long-distance swimmer goes down for the last time. This is due to the fact that the ocean is a tricky monster with which to deal. The great peril of sudden cramp followed by fright, is constantly present; it comes to the good swimmer who has wandered far beyond his depth, and in a few quick minutes there is a struggle, a few scattering bubbles, and another unnecessary tragedy is added to the list.

The body loses weight very rapidly during exercise, especially when in water. The



A BIT OF THE 'SCONSET BEACH

loss of tissue is, of course, compensated for generally within twenty-four hours by new supplies of tissue. The benefit derived from bathing is simply that of the stimulus of healthy, judicious exercising, and is governed by the same general rules as are the recognized guides for other forms of exercise.

The duration of a bath is a matter in which the qualities of the individual bather must be considered. The first few baths of a season should be short, the length being increased cautiously. As a rule, the stouter the bather the longer he can stay in the water without chill. The layer of fat on stout people seems to protect their vital organs in the water from cold better even than great development of muscle. As soon as a sense of cold, fatigue, or discomfort appears, the bath should be cut short and a quick shower-bath of fresh water taken, followed by brisk rubbing with coarse towels. The bath, properly taken, should give a result of rest, vigor, and glow that should last the remainder of the day.

At many resorts there has been developed in recent years indoor bathing for invalids and such others as do not care for the more vigorous sea-bathing. This form varies from the use of large pools, fitted up with boards, rings, and ropes, to that of the individual porcelain tubs, which afford an efficient substitute. This method of bathing is excellent in winter months also, for undoubtedly many visitors develop great restlessness and discomfort at the sea-shore even in winter, when they do not bathe. It would seem as if there were something in the air which impelled the use of salt water in some form by every one.

The hard strain and excitement of American life demands relaxation from time to time; it seems to be almost an especial dispensation of Providence that the American business man is forced by mere force of the thermometer to abandon his occupation and seek health and strength yearly. The eagerness with which he throws himself in this different life, unconventional, pleasant, and yet



By courtesy of Mr. R. F. Engle.

SUNSET ON A JERSEY INLET.



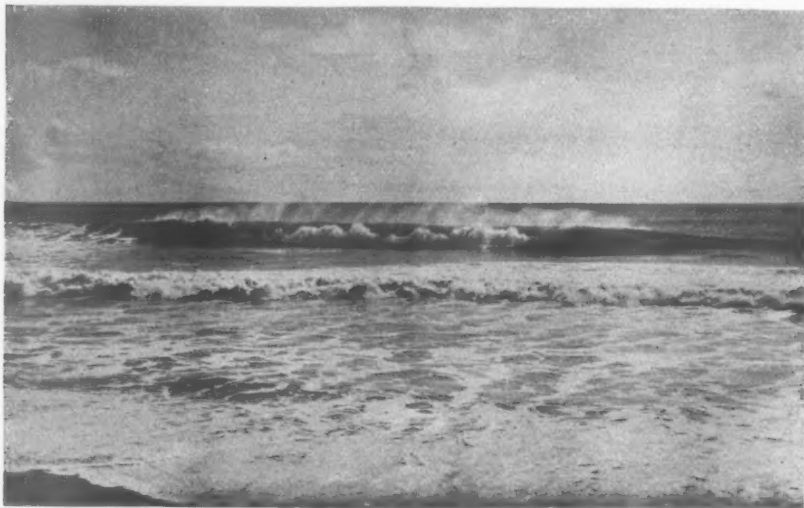
A TURN ON THE BEACH.

stimulating, is one of the healthy reactions which shows that the American organism is still in good working order. The rowing, the bathing, the fishing, the sailing, and the other outdoor sports of the sea-shore give the necessary stamina and self-control which the winter, with its burdens and its cramping life, makes necessary attributes of the successful American,—and the great essence of the sea-shore life is its bathing; the visitor who misses this health-giving sport, eats

the rind of the fruit and throws away the heart.

The sea-shore as a winter resort is growing most rapidly. While we have now only one or two resorts fitted properly for the purpose, each year finds more and more people seeking, on the southern shores of our country, the bracing seaside air which they found so beneficial during their summer stay in higher latitudes. This development of the winter seaside resort will be watched with interest; whether the prosperity of our American resorts will ever equal that of the Mediterranean seashores, it is impossible to say. Americans of the wealthier classes are proverbially restless, and, after an arduous social winter in town, Lent generally finds them either in Florida or on the Virginia coasts, recuperating. These winter resorts, therefore, differ radically from the majority of the summer seaside places, inasmuch as they are in the reach of and patronized by the richer classes only. They may become more fashionable, but never popular.

The ocean is, after all, of vast importance and utility in our social life, as well as a regulator of our physical being. It cools the air in summer; it warms it in winter; and it proves a blessing to those in our great eastern cities, to whom it is the only refuge from the tenement.



THE BEACH AT MIDNIGHT.

THE MYTH OF THE FOUR HUNDRED.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

WHEN it falls to the lot of a resident of New York to go away from home westward or southward, rather than due eastward, in search of incidental studies of minor sociology, he is surprised at the extraordinary dominance of the sovereign body styled "New York society" over the imagination of numbers of respectable people who have never seen it, or partaken in the remotest degree of "that unrest which men miscall delight" in its functions. In cities, towns, hamlets, on farms and ranches, in remote thinly settled neighborhoods throughout the length and breadth of our spacious country, men, women, and above all "young persons," are found eagerly perusing every detail obtainable in newspapers, magazines, or novels of the day, to find out what the small circle in New York, known as the "smart set," are doing—how disporting themselves, dressing, entertaining, marrying and giving in marriage, building lordly pleasure-houses, and, in fine, "going the pace" of the supposed elect of good society. To meet this insatiate demand, columns of stuff are published throwing around quite every-day people a glamour as of royalty; exaggerating into importance the most trivial actions of those who have no claim whatever upon public interest; dragging into daylight the private concerns of many who are tortured by knowing themselves thus pilloried; and often deliberately falsifying the movements of unfortunates who can have no possible opportunity to set themselves right in the world's eye. Nothing is beneath the notice of the purveyors for such literature. It was recently gravely suggested to a writer upon current themes that a syndicated paper upon the feet and ankles of the feminine leaders of New York society would prove an "immense success" all over the country, and no doubt the suggester well knew what he was talking about. Personalities of the most intimate description are above all things craved in print, and the newspaper correspondent must often naturally feel himself at a loss to supply them. The lives of those conspicuous in society are

not, as a rule, marked by originality in thought or action. Their round of every-day life is in its way as humdrum as that of the farmer's wife, who thinks there is no end of washing dishes, or the spinster who sits knitting at her window and watches the progress of life in a village street. When one reports of the favored few that they walk, or drive, or dine, or dance with the same people, more or less, until they are weary for a change, that is pretty much all there is to say. But still the chorus extolling them goes on swelling till, against better judgment, many a reluctant ear is turned in the direction whence the pæan comes.

The comic side of this exaltation of a limited set of ultra-rich Americans, who, often to their own surprise, are made to do duty as social models for the rest of their fellow-countrymen, might be dismissed with a smile. While it is fair to some of them to say they neither seek notoriety, nor are gladdened by it, others take the affair seriously as a tribute to ruling power; as kings and queens are supposed to do, they sit complacently at meat while the proletariat looks on.

But there are deeper questions involved in the growth and expansion of the "Society" myth among us; a growth so marked and vigorous that but few sober voices question its right to represent to America at large the highest form of social progress America has attained.

Apart from the vulgarity of this perpetual blazoning, it is mischievous and hurtful to many classes of the community. The shop-girl, the bedazzled young clerk, who read of these glittering lives of their fellow-democrats, set up a false standard of the aim and end of a successful mercantile life. Their day-dream is to go on and do likewise, to be in their turn the possessors of luxury, the dispensers of social opportunity; nothing higher, more intellectual, no duty as citizens, no question of education or refinement, no claim of humanity at large, appeals to them. To amass money, to push, to strain, to stand neck-to-neck in the race with the fashionables, is the bright goal that makes toil seem worth while to

them. The school-girl and -boy of the educated class are infected by the universal reverence yielded by public voice to fashion, and secretly resolve to model themselves so that they may some day be fitted to enter behind those magic portals. The young collegian who has for the first time awakened to a sense of the existence of social relations, or to their importance as a factor in his life, takes his cue from the extravagant laudation of a supposed small and superior circle in New York, and deems everything outside of it of a second quality of merit. As to the socialists, the habitual growlers against the display of wealth in a land governed by democratic theories, we are all acquainted with their resentment of this propaganda of American snobbery! If there is among us, however, one class more than another unpleasantly affected by the evils I depict, I might indicate many families of well-born, well-bred people who, feeling themselves to have every claim to position and consideration in the home of their birth and ancestry, are, through want of wealth alone, jostled out of place, made to stand in the back line, pushed against the wall, ignored and required to be content with looking on at the diversions of a favored few. To be perpetually reminded of these facts in public print, becomes in time, even to the philosophical, a blister upon their tenderest sensibilities.

I suppose—I hope—there is no place in the United States where this attitude has been assumed by so many worthy and otherwise dignified citizens, as of late years in New York. And, indeed, there is some ground for their complaint. The old order of Gotham has survived to meet the astonishing experience of an aristocracy of sudden wealth taking possession of the places once its own, and in some cases displaying toward it a stiffness of demeanor suggesting the query, "Who are you, and what do you do here."

A lady of recent fortune, newly established in Fifth avenue, chancing to meet a quick-witted young daughter of a race of statesmen and patriots who in the old days had stood before the world for the best New York could furnish, and failing to identify her by name, asked her in a casual drawl: "And, pray, how long have you been in New York?"

"About two hundred years," was the girl's answer, fixing upon her interlocutor a guileless glance which, except upon a bystander who recognized and enjoyed the situation, was naturally thrown away.

"Mama," said a school-girl of ancient lineage to her mother not long ago, "what are we, really? When the girls asked me in recess to-day if you are invited to Mrs. Midas' ball, and I said no, that you do not visit Mrs. Midas, they laughed and looked at each other; and one of them said she always thought it was a mistake about our being anybody in New York, since we are never mentioned among the 'smart set'."

By such little stabs and slurs is the perhaps unconscious warfare of new against old sustained, and all the good sense, the calm indifference, the noble scorn in the world, does not suffice to ward them off entirely. The head of a family must needs exercise a control far beyond the common, to induce young people, under such circumstances, to rise superior to the idea that they are looked down upon socially. Absurd as it may and must seem to the dispassionate, this feeling exists and embitters many otherwise happy homes. There is no possible doubt that it has closed the doors of houses that might else have been in the exercise of a constant and gracious hospitality according to their means. And it has even sent wandering abroad, to seek the dull refuge of foreign cities and neighborhoods, people to the manner born who will not receive here entertainment they cannot return in kind, who, weary of the sense of inequality with current good society in their own community, and free to escape from it, have made all speed to do so.

It is no uncommon experience to hear upon the lips of one of the old régime, whose immediate predecessors have controlled opinion and social customs in New York, about one of the leaders of the new: "I don't go there; she doesn't want me; I am not rich enough."

What an extraordinary gradation of society! "Good enough—wise enough—well-born or well-mannered enough" is not considered; but "rich enough"! The thing is incredible. It is an old observation that the struggle of people on their social rise, gives opportunity for more

pettiness than the ascent of any other ladder. But to be "rich enough" to cross the inner boundaries of the best society—that is an ambition left apparently to New York. A story told last season was of a plutocratic young matron who observed, "Really, now that society in New York is getting so large, one must draw the line somewhere; after this, I shall visit and invite only those who have more than five millions."

There is more of a stimulus to money-getting in this idea, than of a spur to intellectual attainment or to social agreeability. One can imagine the futility of a banquet of which the mental part is exclusively furnished by men who have made their millions, and women who have bought their crowns.

Happily, the American sense of humor, which leavens much of that mass of incongruity we call our democratic institutions, is no doubt at the bottom of the dire threat conveyed by the multi-millionairess. Somebody who looks with favor upon the social woes of his fellow-men, must have made up the story to frighten those too ambitious of amassing wealth.

So far, I have set down possibilities of an abstraction; let us lightly glance at facts. For my own part, I am an unbeliever in the body corporate which, for want of a better term, has come to be popularly known as the Four Hundred of New York. The lists for visits and invitations made out yearly by people of good position, to include their acquaintances to whom such courtesies are due, number, say, a thousand names. Of these names, who among us is equipped or prepared to say six hundred are outside the pale? So the golden circle drawn around a few wealthy and fashionable folk who are most often heard about as exchanging hospitalities with each other, exists, I truly believe, in the imagination of alarmists. The general idea that this barrier yields only by accident, or through phenomenal assiduity of push, or when distinguished talent or accomplishment are in the same scale with a light purse, to the approach of an outsider, is absurd, when the most casual observer can see the new actors every year brings forward within its arena.

Naturally, people who are clever enough to make money and to get up to the high places of the world, and even those who

have spent the best years of their lives in what Walter Bagehot called "a vapid accumulation of torpid comfort," are also intelligent enough to want help in making the best display of it. It is not startling to those of us who have seen—as so many Americans have seen—the palaces and museums of the Old World, and numbers of the best private dwellings, to be bidden en masse to look at one of the many fine New York houses. Nor does a concert of great artists, hired to perform in a private drawing-room, astonish those who can for a few dollars hear the same people at the opera, if there is no social element surrounding the affair. To attract New Yorkers, and make them wish to return to the attraction, mere wealth evidently does not suffice, and this the veriest tyro in society must know. How, then, should the owners of the great fortunes who, as ball- and dinner-givers constitute, in the general mind, our present aristocracy, willingly exclude from their gatherings the clever, refined, and progressive members of a circle, larger than theirs, continually blending with it, and at points hardly to be distinguished from it. If those who compose this intellectual and artistic element of New York society, and who appear rarely in the newspapers as contributors of material gifts to the general fund of entertainment, are less known throughout the country than the others, their ranks are constantly increasing. Among them many younger women of the so-called "smart set" are now to be found. It is pleasant to see these young and active intelligences, tiring early of a round of monotonous enjoyment, yield to the impelling impulse of the times, and press forward to seek association with their own kind. To them we may look, perhaps, for future deliverance from the clog of conventionalism and timidity that seems to retard the wheels of social accomplishment among some of their elders, who, dazzled by their sudden rise, fear to transgress good form by taking advantage of it. The next generation will better understand how to bring together the diverse elements still scattered about our city; a reunion of parts that would insure general society here to be the most pleasant, sparkling, and inspiring in any great center of the world.

It is training from childhood as one of the ruling class that makes the true grande dame; she must be quick in discriminating, fearless in selecting, and gracious in retaining those she draws about her; and that sort of a social head is not so often born as made. When such qualities as these assert themselves to reinforce the natural charm of some American woman of ample means, with a house large enough to contain her friends, we may see the long-discussed salon open its portals to New York.

The homes of fashionable New Yorkers are, as a whole, the most sumptuous and comfortable in the world. Space, light, tempered warmth in every part, ventilation and every other accessory of hygiene, are here as liberally provided, as are the picturesque and decorative ideas of architects of the highest modern accomplishment; and, in numbers, these stately dwellings are like strawberries in June. From them we may go on to a wide variety of smaller and less pretentious houses, in which also may be applauded the best art of our modern decorative renaissance. Old prosaic structures of brownstone, or brick, that were made in former days to enshrine the ugly fittings and furniture of our immediate predecessors, pass under an architect's eclipse to reappear in charming and covetable guise, every corner of their renovated interiors an invitation to domestic rest and peace. But no architect has yet been found who can make New York women remain quiet in these homes. Through every keyhole, in at every chink and cranny, floats the atmosphere of unrestfulness prevailing in America, and insistent in New York. No sooner is a family installed in the new abode, than one hears of it going off to try life in some other quarter of the globe. The deserted house is either shut up in desolation, or let to some one else. If a friend of the former possessor chances to stray into it under the new occupation, he is at first bewildered in the endeavor to find his bearings. At last, recovering himself, he meditates with appropriate pathos upon the absence of the original family, whose house-warming he had joyfully attended the year before. His confusion on these points leads him to formulate the plain-

tive wish that agreeable people in New York might oftener be found two seasons in the same place.

As a contrast to this common experience among us may be cited an impression of English society, detailed by a recent traveler between two continents. Four years ago, during the London season, he had occasion to call, on her day at home, upon a dame of high degree, living in one of the fashionable localities of the West End. He found the lady sitting in an easy chair, near a broad window brilliant with flowers and looking into a bit of verdant town-garden. The room was filled with staid but handsome furniture, the chairs and couches covered with a large-patterned flowery glazed chintz. On a stand at her elbow was a cage, containing a verbose parrot. Near her footstool dozed a comfortably fat pug. In her hands she held a large, gray woolen stocking, on which, during her conversation, she diligently plied the knitting-needles. Sitting upon a little Chippendale chair, near by, a good-looking young Englishman, holding his hat and stick, exchanged with his hostess pleasant banalities concerning the late concert at Buckingham Palace, and the picture-show at the Royal Academy. When the American went away from this house he carried with him a sense of peaceful satisfaction hard to analyze. Often, afterward, he recalled the dim, quiet drawing-room, and its gentle, genial mistress. Last summer, being again in London, he presented himself in ——— square, having heard nothing whatever of the lady or her family in the intervening time. To his delight, the same low-voiced manservant ushered him into the same well-remembered apartment, and there, in the same chair, attended by the same bird and pug, and knitting apparently the same stocking, he found his kind hostess of three years back. Nothing was changed. Time had dealt tenderly even with the dear old lady's face, leaving upon it no added token of his flight. And lastly, as if to make mock of the American devotee of things immutable, in came the same young Englishman who had been calling upon the previous occasion!

To the impetus of the age that prompts them to constant wandering from home,

New York women of the luxurious class are in process of sacrificing some of their most potent charms of personality. In New York society so many leading families are comparative strangers to each other, there is nothing of the easy interchange of sociability possible in an older, more settled, community where everybody of condition knows all about everybody else of like estate. Except for formal exchange of conventional civilities, many of the most agreeable women here live and wish to live their own lives. Truth to tell, those lives are so crowded with duty and engagements of a practical sort, entailing incessant work of brain and body, sociability would be an interruption not to be encouraged. From the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof, many of our fashionable women are striving to keep up with their self-imposed responsibilities. The ambition of most of them is to work out speedily to a triumphant conclusion broad schemes of philanthropy and charity that astonish by their success. Some shine in legislative ability, others in carrying out the plans agreed upon in convention. As a consequence, these great tasks are constantly in the minds of their projectors. Such women, even in a gathering for pleasure, look overburdened with concern. Their natural charms of geniality and wit are in abeyance; if, in casual conversation with a friend, one of them espies another with whom it is positively necessary for her to exchange counsel about the affairs of a common public enterprise, there is an end at once of trifling. Business before pleasure, at any cost. Reports, committees, chairmen, receipts, expenses, usurp the field of talk, while pet axes are ground with unabating zeal, and, it must be owned, with wonderful practical results. What the great charities of New York would do without some of the ultra-fashionable women who support them, one does not like to fancy.

The activity of spirit that made Professor Bryce compare American life to that of the squirrel in his revolving cage, never still even when it does not seem to change, is responsible not only for impairing the agreeability of these fair ladies under discussion. It actually prevents the powers of their minds and hearts from

attaining full fruition. No one who has at any time taken up a variety of popular works in behalf of public good, can have failed to experience the overstrain arising from one subject crowded upon another, from efforts extended in several directions for different aims, from incessant breaks in trains of thought, from successive images imprinted upon the brain, from foreign interruptions repeatedly occurring. How can we bring coherent thought to work out the best that is in us by such means?

The intellectual and artistic development of fashionable society, while retarded in a degree by the conditions just spoken of, is yet making good progress here in our day. Fine ladies are no longer contented to sit in their boudoirs trifling with the pages of the latest novel. They have clubs and causeries for the discussion of topics of the hour, and for the revival of classic themes. Their drawing-rooms are repeatedly thrown open for lectures by adepts in literature and the arts. The books talked of by the world are ordered in to lie upon their tables—whether to be dipped into, or studied, depending upon time and degree of earnestness. Music, as all New York has good cause to know, is largely dependent upon their liberal patronage. Paintings, more or less well selected, are bought to line the walls of their living-rooms. For their children—in some danger indeed from overtraining of the mind—the best teachers of languages and accomplishments are secured that native or foreign talent can supply. Inveterate travelers, they bring back every year, to adorn their dwellings, a host of the beautiful and dainty examples of Old World minor art, that in the Old World seem inalienable from finished homes. And, if they had accomplished nothing else, America at large would be in their debt for having made fashionable the habit of country life within the limit of one's own domain.

To this class of our community we also owe the now indispensable addition of physical culture to the education of the day. They have taken away the old reproach to American manhood and womanhood, of pale cheeks, undersize and insufficient vitality, by bringing up a race of hardy young people, the girls vying with their brothers in athletic achievements.

To have made this cult the fashion is a laurel for their brows. Another example set by them for their admirers to follow, is that of simplicity in young woman's dress. It is only among those who buy cheap material to shape into garments that exaggerate the mode, that one ever sees, nowadays, a young girl overloaded with millinery or jewelry. And it is the débutante of the "smart set" who makes her first curtsy to society in a plain, high-cut frock—leaving furbelows and rich stuffs to her mother, who introduces her. The same young person goes nowhere into the great world without her mother or a substitute, and has done much to calm the agitation of foreign critics about the lawless freedom of action of American maidenhood.

A complaint common on modern lips against our fashionable girl, is her inveterate tendency to marry, when she can find him, a foreigner of rank. There are foreigners and foreigners; and perhaps it has previously fallen to the lot of some of the girls so choosing, to visit certain delightful homes abroad, created by transplanted Americans, who have proved so persistently happy with their alien husbands as to flatly disappoint their croaking countrymen. In England, certainly, there is much to console a young woman for the magnificent monotony of life in New York. Yet of all the prizes of Vanity Fair, a title without anything behind it is the one that carries least of lasting satisfaction to the winner. The woeful failure of some fusions made of late years by American plutocracy with decadent European aristocracy, needs no comment to emphasize their folly. Even among the better of these matches, a post-nuptial feature of some most extolled and glorified by the newspapers, that does not often come to American ears, is the estimate held by the groom's family of his *mésalliance*. It is not all plain sailing into halcyon port, on the other side, with American brides who are heralded to the world here as brilliant and successful. If they are proud and high-spirited, their own friends are the last to hear of snubs or slights put upon them by dull-witted, plain-spoken personages into whose ranks they have entered. And "noblesse" does not always "oblige" the titled husband to extend to his heiress

the sympathy she might, under these circumstances, expect. Still, as the millionaires are the ones most likely to run these risks, we need not fear a general following of this example.

Of the men of what may be called our leisure class, there is less to say. The husbands and fathers of the "smart set" are most of them still in the toils; apt to leave their beautiful homes to plunge into affairs with a zest that has known no abatement after years of success. They are liberal, public-spirited, sturdy men, and loyal supporters of the metropolitan edifice; good patrons of art, givers of great gifts in charity, excellent husbands, and loving fathers; but lack of early opportunity, too much later prosperity, and a too-material present environment, have not incited them to general culture.

The real do-nothings in this busy hive, generally the inheritors of great mercantile fortunes, are of a limited class that always impresses an observer with a certain sense of sadness. To all outward appearance they are indistinguishable from the English original, after whom they model themselves in dress, and speech, and sport, and habits, and indulgences; but, lacking the Englishman's love of native soil and country, his sense of responsibility to place and politics, they seem to regard life over here as a weary show. In some respects they are to be envied. The cries of nations, the stress of the times, the waves of the great ocean of modern thought, do not reach them. Circumstances that might transform a mere ordinary man into what Carlyle called "a very unthankful, ill-conditioned, bilious, wayward, and heart-worn son of Adam," fail to disturb the even tenor of their days. But their value and success as citizens in this great democracy of ours is hardly an incentive, to the American father in general, to amass money to be left behind him for his sons to spend—as spend it they usually do. And perhaps in that fact may be found the real usefulness among us of the typical rich man's son; he can ordinarily be relied upon to correct some of the disturbing inequalities created by the prosperity and thrift of his father, and to give his best efforts to make us what the true theory of an ideal democracy requires—a people of equal fortunes, as of equal rights.

A THREE-STRANDED YARN.

THE WRECK OF THE LADY EMMA.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL.

XXI.

MR. MOORE SAILS.

I THINK, I will not be sure, that the date on which I returned to London from this visit to Sir Mortimer was October 26th. In the year 1860 sailing ships bound to the Australias and the East Indies frequently—many of them regularly—touched at the Cape: small vessels such as brigs and barks also traded to that colony. There was steam communication, however, then. I believe the first of the steamers of the Union Steamship Company was despatched three years earlier, namely, in 1857.

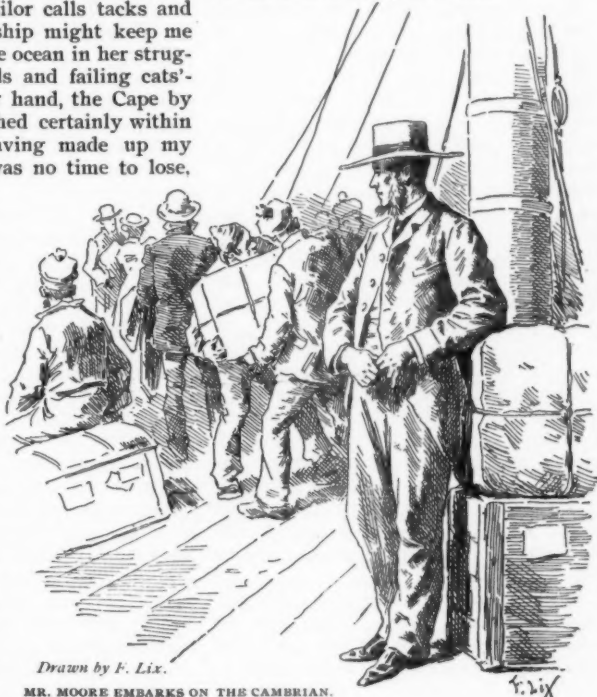
Be this as it may, since steam was to be got I was resolved to have nothing to do with what the sailor calls tacks and sheets. A sailing ship might keep me four months upon the ocean in her struggles with head winds and failing cats' paws. On the other hand, the Cape by steam was to be reached certainly within forty days. But having made up my mind I found there was no time to lose, that is, if I resolved on steam; for, on reaching London I learnt that the next Union steamer was the *Cambrian*, sailing from Southampton on November 6th.

It was this obligation of despatch, perhaps, which hardened me in my resolution. I meant to sail by the *Cambrian*, and there was no leisure for hesitation, no time for second thought. Not, indeed, that I was not passionately resolved: I had been so from the

hour of clearly understanding that I must proceed to the Cape and procure the exhumation of the body, if my mind was to be set at rest one way or the other. I mean, if I had been obliged to wait a month, say, for a sailing ship, I might have found myself troubled, my resolution a little unsettled by the counsels of friends.

My father, for example, fully sanctioned my going, but advised me to consider how it would be with my memory if, when the coffin was opened, I recognized the body as Marie's.

I answered I had thought over that, and knew it would prove a terrible ordeal. But it must be worse with me if I stayed at home, never stirring to find out if the body that lay in Cape Town cemetery was indeed that of the girl I loved.



Drawn by F. Lix.

MR. MOORE EMBARKS ON THE CAMBRIAN.

"Suppose she is drowned?" I reasoned. "I should not believe it for months, perhaps years. No man could persuade me she was dead. Time alone must convince me. But how long should I allow myself? Meanwhile, I must live in expectation. My life would be a torment of suspense. But by going to the Cape I shall satisfy myself at once."

"Yes," said my father, "but you will only be able to satisfy yourself that Marie does not lie buried in Cape Town if, when the grave is opened, the remains should prove another's."

"It will satisfy me to know that, at all events," I exclaimed.

"Will they let you exhume the body?"

This staggered me somewhat, but I replied I would take my chance of it. The corpse had been brought to Cape Town, and there buried with a view to identification. The case was extraordinary; and when the colonial authorities heard my story they would not refuse to let me disinter the remains.

Several friends offered like objections. One suggested I should ask that the clothes should be sent home and submitted to the inspection of those from whom Marie bought her outfit; the shopmen would know their own wares; if they asserted the clothes had been sold by them, had at any time passed through their hands, there would be something solid to go upon; I could then sail for the Cape and confirm by inspection what to most would pass as a foregone conclusion.

But my answer was—it was not very conceivable those who held the clothes would part with them; it was no case of suspected murder, so as to admit of the introduction of the machinery of the law; moreover, if I waited, the remains would become unrecognizable. It was already a question how far the climate would admit of an identification of them. The body arrived at the Cape August 10th: this was the close of October; December would have come before I landed, and December is the burning midsummer of South Africa.

But herein, as in all the rest, I was prepared to take my chance. I felt a secret reluctance in one direction only: it shocked me even in imagination to think, if the remains should prove

Marie's, of the memory I must return home with and be haunted by to my death-bed.

On November 5th I traveled to Southampton, and on the following day embarked in the steamship *Cambrian* for Cape Town. I had said good-by to my friends in London, and went on board alone. Never did passenger tread a ship's deck with heavier heart than I. The vessel was full of bustle and confusion: she was taking out a large number of passengers who, with their friends, filled her fore and aft, overflowing the saloon and crowding the raised deck or poop.

It is at such a time as this, and amid such a crowd as littered the *Cambrian's* decks, that you learn what real loneliness is. I looked around me and saw not one face I had ever met before. There was much surging and elbowing of figures in the gangway, a constant dragging here and there of baggage, shouts from the ship to the shore, from the shore to the ship, with stewards dodging and shoving in and out, officers of the steamer twinkling and flitting in the finery of the merchant service.

I contrasted all this noise, threaded by strange groaning rumblings down in the bowels of the metal keel, as though the giant steam, lying imprisoned, was beginning to mutter in his impatience and shake his chains, with the peace on board the *Lady Emma* when I mounted her side with Marie, and her father, and Mrs. Burke; all was quiet there,—the masts pointed their crossed and knitted heights silent in the breeze as a tree that sleeps in the dead calm of a summer's night; about was spread a shining scene of river abounding in life and color, in gliding and in stately motion: but the ear was not vexed.

However, it would not be long before the *Cambrian* was under way, and, indeed, whilst I was seeing to my baggage in my berth and taking a view of the bedroom I was to sleep in for thirty-five or forty days, I heard noises and felt a vibration which satisfied me we were about to start.

The vessel was something less than nine hundred tons: she was fitted with a saloon, on either hand of which went a range of sleeping berths, and the amid-

ships was filled with a long table. She was rigged as a schooner, with a couple of yards on each mast, and sat with a promise of swiftness in her posture, her bow being yacht-like and sharp, dominant, that is, with a good spring, whilst the run of her vanished in a very pretty mold of stern. This much I recollect of that vessel, whose memory I love as though she had been something human for the end her revolving propeller of seven knots enabled me to achieve.

She would be laughed at now. Side by side with the white giantess of to-day, thrashing from the top of the North to the bottom of the South Atlantic in a trifle more than a fortnight, how meanly would she show, even as a pinnacle or steam-launch in the shadow of the man-of-war that owns her! No splendor of internal fittings, nothing rememberable in the form of smoke-room or bath-room! And still my heart swells with the memory of that little iron steamer which long since ceased, save as one of the countless specters of the deep, the true and only phantom ships of the sea.

It was a bleak, dark November day when we started; a strong wind blew, and the sky was thick and near with rolling snow-clouds. We passed along Southampton Water in a squall of sleet, and though imagination was never an inactive quality in me, yet then more keenly than at any previous time was I able to realize the significance of Wall's story of the dismasted hull, the high, foaming seas of the great ocean past the Horn, the massive mountains of ice rocking their lofty summits in the smoke of flying flakes.

It was blowing fresh in the open, clear of the Isle of Wight; the little steamer pitched, and sprang, and made vile weather of the spiteful snap of that November channel surge. She drove the most of us to our berths, and for four days I was a prisoner, stupidly sick and helpless. Then I stepped forth feeling well again, and making my way on to the poop found a fine day, a swelling sea, a rattling breeze astern, before which the vessel with bladder-like canvas swelling from her yards, and black funnel pouring smoke over the bows to the horizon ahead, was bowling and rolling, with an occasional kick up astern which drove a

shock and vibration of exposed screw through the length of her.

Abreast on the right was a little ship under full sail braced sharp up, tearing through the seas; the red flag of England stood like a board at her mizzen peak; she was apparently bound home. The water swept in sheets from her shearing stem, and every flash of the white brine was magically spanned by a rainbow. She was painted black, and to my land-going eye exactly resembled the *Lady Emma*. I watched her with fascinated gaze, and in deep melancholy, as she swept through the brilliant curls of sea, clouding her path as she dived, and scoring the rolling blue astern of her with an arrow-like line of light.

Just such sailing as that had Marie described in the fragment of journal we had received; she had named the sails, flung with dexterous pen the very sheen of the lustrous rounds of canvas upon the vision of the mind, painted the picture of the deck, the dark wet length of plank gleaming along the sobbing scuppers at every roll, sailors hanging in the rigging with marlinespikes and coils of small stuff, or stitching on spaces of canvas in the sun, the mate walking the weather side of the deck, her own dear self seated under a short awning talking with her old nurse about the home she was leaving, about the countries she was to visit. I caught my breath with a spasm and turned from the beautiful picture!

We were a great number of passengers for so small a vessel. When the fine weather came and the people got their stomachs, no more hospitable scene at meal-time was ever afloat than that saloon of over thirty years ago. There is plenty of finery at sea in this age, but the picturesque is almost dead; it flourished then. Much of the old Indiaman, the old *Caper*, and South *Spanner* survived in the early steamer. You found this in colors and fittings, and in rig; for, none as yet making cocksure of the whelp of the engine-room, a fabric nigh as spacious and wide as that of the sailing ship was reared to draw from the wind the help the propeller might refuse.

This little steamer, too, would go along in an ambling way when it was fine like any large ship with the wind on the quar-

ter, taking the wide heavens of the deep in a procession of courtseys whilst she fanned the sky with her squares of canvas. I see again the dinner-picture of a fine afternoon: a row of well-dressed people filling the long table; the captain bland and watchful at one end; some one glimmering in brass buttons at the other; the claret-colored light of the setting sun ripples in polished bulkhead and makes rubies of diamonds on moving hands; every shadow sways with slow grace, and the large, round cabin windows deepen into dark blue, or glance out in crimson light as the vessel softly rolls them from sea to sky.

My place at table was at top on the captain's right: a seat of distinction, but a matter of accident so far as I was concerned. The commander of this steamer, to give the worthy skipper a sounding name, was a kindly-hearted seaman named Strutt, who had used the sea for many years in sailing ships, and had much to tell about the ocean life. One of the passengers was a retired shipmaster who, I understood, was making the voyage to the Cape to seek some waterside berth in South Africa; he was a Newcastle man, and had been bred to the sea in the coal trade; such was his contempt of steam he could find nothing in his rude and quaint dialect vigorous enough to dress it in. He sat within three or four of the captain on the left, and they often argued, and their speech was my diversion.

I remember one day, shortly before we made the island of Madeira, that these two men got upon the subject of polar expeditions. The captain said that the discovery of the north pole would be as important to navigation and science as the discovery of America was to civilization. The other replied that the north pole was of no use to any mortal man. What was it? An imagination. Nothing you could see, or sit upon, or lean against. At this a great many people laughed.

A middle-aged lady sitting at a little distance on my right begged that the north pole would not be mentioned: she had lost a promising nephew in consequence of it; he had sailed in one of the expeditions, and had fallen into a deep hole beside the ship when she lay upon

the ice, and, marvelous to relate, though the body of the poor young man was not discovered until six weeks afterwards, it was so perfectly fresh, the face so lifelike, the color on the cheeks so exactly as in health, that all wondered he did not speak and smile.

"There's no perishing in ice," said the retired shipmaster in a deep voice, "once dead, ye keep arle on. Sir John Franklin was to be found. Nought was wanting but the right sort of men to look after him. He's somewhere up there still, just as he died, poor chap,—hard as a statue, him and the rest of them, saving those they fed on."

"What's the action of salt water on a body?" said an old gentleman sitting five or six down on the opposite side.

"It drowns," replied the retired shipmaster.

"I don't mean that," said the other. "Does it preserve as ice does?"

"No, sir," answered the shipmaster. "The sea serves a drowned sailor as the crimps serve the live ones. It strips him, and when he's naked it tarns to and kicks and beats him till his mother wouldn't know whose child he was."

"Not always," exclaimed the old gentleman with emphasis.

The retired shipmaster leaned forward to look at him, but made no reply.

Then the captain, at the head of the table, exclaimed: "I knew a man years ago who had penetrated far north in a whaler. They were frozen up for a spell, hard bound in white ice with hills to the horizon, till the season came and they broke adrift; the piece they were on floated round a point and gave them the sight of a little bark stranded on a slope: her topmast was standing, sails furled, everything in its place,—she looked as if she had gone ashore the day before. They boarded her, and found by her log and papers she had been in that situation eight years. But that wasn't it," said he, with a glance down the double line of listening faces turned his way, one of the most eagerly attentive of which I observed was the old gentleman's: "in the cabin they found five frozen men. They looked to have died without a groan, one after the other, every man in the act of doing something, none guessing that the forefinger of the grinning king was on



Drawn by F. Lix.

"SHE IS MY DAUGHTER."

his heart. One sat with a pipe in his hand; another leaned on the table as though he was meditating; a third lay back in his chair, his eyes on the skylight as if he heard a noise on deck. That's what cold will do," said he.

Something at this point diverted the conversation, and the subject was dropped.

When I left the table I went on deck; the west was still full of warm splendor; the sea ran heaving in deep blue folds to an horizon crystalline in the delicate sweep of it against the east, on whose violet slope—that looked to thrill with the depth of its own hue as the blue of the calm sea trembles under the eye—a large star was flashing.

I lighted a cigar, sunk in thought over the talk about the ice. If the body should not prove Marie's, then supposing the hull had got locked, how long would she be able to support life in the bleak, dark cabin? I had often asked that of myself and of others: I asked it again now, and whilst my mind ran upon the dinner talk Captain Robson, the old retired Newcastle shipmaster, stepped up to me.

They did not allow you to smoke on the poop. I stood in what would be called the gangway, and Captain Robson came along with a great meerschaum pipe in his hand, stuffing the bowl with a queer kind of granulated tobacco which he pulled out of a little sack.

"This is Zooloo mundungus," said he, with a hoarse laugh. "I'm learning to like it. They say it's arle a man can get on the coast yon," and he hove up three stout chins in a measured nod in the direction of the sea over the bows.

"Are you going to take charge of a ship?" said I.

"I'm going to seek a job," he answered.

"Were you long at sea, captain?"

"Ay, was I! Since I was twelve."

"You seem to know a good deal about the ice," said I.

"I know too much about most things," he answered, puffing. "If you was to turn to and pump out my mind, more'd come up than what the poets call sparkling brine."

He looked to right and left to observe if he was overheard, and I guessed he

was a wag who liked the laughter of many.

Just then four Italian emigrants began to sing together on the forecastle; their voices swelled in a pleasing concert; the rude harmonies of the engine-room, dim and deep, as interpretable as human voices, so articulate was the metallic clangor, mingled with the music the singers made without vexing the ear.

I listened, then looked at Captain Robson, whose round face was staring deafly seawards.

"Captain," said I, "figure a dismasted hull in sixty degrees of south latitude, and nothing of land nearer than the South Shetlands. When she was abandoned there was plenty of tall ice on the horizon, on both bows and astern. What's to become of that wreck?"

"Are ye speaking of the Lady Emma!" said he.

I started and exclaimed, "Oh, you've heard of her loss?"

"I've known Jim Hobbs, one of her owners, ever since he was a boy," he answered. "A little while afore I left London I met him at a luncheon party, and we talked that loss o'er. Loss! Well, ye're not to call it that yet neither. The skipper and two females remained aboard, Hobbs told me. The crew was quick in deserting. There was twelve foot of stump forrard, Hobbs said: they should have given the capt'n a chance. With less than twelve foot of stump when I was a boy, good prizes have been blowed under jury canvas into safety. But when steam came in," said he, turning to send a gaze of contempt at the funnel, "the sailor went out. Let the master of the Lady Emma have had a collier crew of my time aboard, and they'd ha' made no more of the loss of all three masts, twelve foot of stump and the bowsprit remaining, according to Hobbs, than a dog of his tail."

"What chance do you give the hull?" said I.

He viewed me with an arch lift of his eyebrows, as though his smile at the instant were in them only.

"I'll answer you as I answered Hobbs that same question," said he, after discharging a number of puffs: "She'll be heard of again. I don't care about the ice. Dismast your ship, and she'll wash

round an object. I'm not speaking of a dead leeshore leagues long. Plant a hulk close to an iceberg, and she'll wallow clear. It's the height of spar, the weight of rigging, plenty of surface of stowed sail for the wind to shoulder that keeps a vessel helpless in her drift when she's not under command."

"But if she strikes she's gone, masts or no masts."

"She'll swim for her life. It's like striking out clear of your clothes."

"You give that hull a chance then, captain?"

"I give her this chance: first, as to the ice: she's a naked swimmer light as a cask, with the wind for a buffer 'twixt her and the ice and a backwash of sea which she'll make the most of. And then this: if a whaler falls in with her, and she's sound, they'll tow her clear. She was worth thirty-two thousand pounds, ship and cargo, when she left the Thames. There's sights of grease, mon, in that money."

He ended this talk by giving a loud laugh and walking a little way forward, where he stood, pipe in hand, listening to a German Jew and his wife, who were singing a duet.

XXII.

THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

It was three or four days after this conversation with Captain Robson: a soft, blue, glowing afternoon, the sparkling heaves of water lifting south along the course of the steamer, with a pearly feathering of the salt foam going straight as the metals of a railway astern, where, in the distant blue air, hung the slowly dissolving shadow of the island of Madeira, quitted by us that morning.

Many had gone ashore: we were now a thin company aft, the poop and saloon almost yacht-like with room and comparative privacy.

I had been having a short chat with Captain Robson on the quarter-deck whilst the skipper of the steamer was on the bridge talking with the first mate; I went slowly aft and got upon the poop, and whilst I was there, looking over the side into the exquisitely pure liquid recess of ocean on the port-beam with

some orange star of sail glowing in it, whilst all between, the burnished swell was working in glassy swathes rich with the gleams of the splendor in the south-west, Captain Strutt joined me.

"Robson," said he, with a face of amusement, "is a comical old gentleman. In my boyhood they called that sort of thing a sea-dog. It's a dying type. The skipper now wears the hat of the London streets and comes on deck in galoshes when the men are washing down. We should take a long look at Robson, for when he is gone we shall not easily behold his like again."

"His is a dry old mind," said I, "tough as sailor's beef, with the pickle of his experiences."

"He was telling me last night," said the captain, "that you're interested in the loss of the *Lady Emma*."

"I have asked him, as a seaman, questions on the subject," said I.

"I read the account of her being dismantled in one of the papers," he exclaimed. "It was made a bad job of, I thought, by three people being left aboard the hull, two of them women. D'y'e ever see the *Shipping Gazette*?"

"No."

"In a number of it a week or two before we sailed, there was a strange piece quoted out of a Cape paper."

"A strange piece?" I exclaimed, scarcely understanding the expression. "Had it anything to do with the *Lady Emma*?"

"Why, no," he answered, leaning upon the rail and looking with a seaman's level, steady gaze at the orange-colored sail on the horizon, talking carelessly in evident intention to amuse me merely. "A large three-masted schooner picked up the body of a woman much about the parts where the hull of the *Lady Emma* was washing about. The master took it to be the corpse of the wife of a friend of his, and put it into brine or spirit to preserve it for Christian interment ashore. A queer item of cargo, little relished by the Jacks in the schooner, I warrant ye! And yet handsomely done, too, on the part of the master, if you think of it; for suppose one dear to you drowned, what would you give that the remains should be buried with a memorial atop? That's always the feeling along-shore, even amongst the humblest; they'll offer

pounds reward for the body. It's sentiment—and only to bury it in earth, after all! As if this," said he, waving his hand, "wasn't the freshest, the most spacious, the most splendid of all cemeteries, every white curl of sea a tombstone, and God's voice in the wind to keep ye sleeping and comforted."

I listened in silence, but intently.

"The schooner carried the body to the Cape," he went on, "where, of course, it was promptly buried after they had photographed the poor thing."

"Did they photograph the body?" I exclaimed.

He whipped upon me quickly, struck by my tone, no doubt, and eyed me keenly: he witnessed a change of face, and perhaps a sudden pallor, but took no further notice, lightly saying:

"Yes, the body was photographed, and a couple of the pictures are aboard."

"In this steamer?"

He again looked at me, then directing his eyes round the poop, said:

"Do you see that old gentleman sitting in the easy-chair near the skylight?"

It was the old gentleman who, some days previously, had asked Captain Robson at the dinner-table what was the action of salt water on a body, to which the north country skipper had dryly answered, "It drowns."

"Has that man photographs of the body?" I exclaimed, staring at the old gentleman with nervous tremors running through me, shaking the very voice in my throat, so sudden and unexpected was this.

"I can tell you his story; he makes no secret of it," said the captain. "His name's Hoskins; he is Mrs. Ollier's father. He is going to the Cape to make sure that the body's his child by opening the coffin if the authorities will permit it. But he's in no doubt; he showed me the pictures; the master of the schooner, knowing him very well, sent two by steamer. He says they're the portrait of his girl. She had been stopping at Santiago with her sister, a married woman there, and was bound round to Montevideo to join or await the arrival of her husband, who sailed from the Thames in August in command of the ship *York*—what's there in this?—Mr. Moore, I hope this matter —"

He began to stutter and was full of concern seeing me suddenly lean against the rail, breathing hard with oppression, with a face which I might guess by his motions alarmed him. But thinking that my agitation would speedily take the eye of the many who were walking or sitting about the deck, I asked, after pausing a minute to recover myself, if I could be alone with him for a little while, on which he at once conducted me to the chart-room, or some sort of interior dedicated to him as commander, but not a bedroom, furnished with a horse-hair couch, a clock, and the several instruments and conveniences for navigating a vessel.

He hooked the door, leaving it a little way open. Without preface I told him that Miss Marie Otway, only daughter of Sir Mortimer Otway, was my sweetheart; she had gone on a voyage for her health in the *Lady Emma*; soon after the news of that ship having been dismantled reached home there arrived the extraordinary tale of the body of a woman having been picked up in the latitude and longitude the hull was in when abandoned by the crew; the description of the body, I told him, was that of Miss Otway, and my only motive in making the voyage to the Cape was to examine the remains if the exhumation would be permitted.

He listened with deep interest and a countenance of cordial sympathy.

"Now, sir," said he, "I can understand your motive in questioning old Captain Robson."

"If the body be not Miss Otway, I shall want to know what chance she's had aboard that hull. Robson's an old sailor, and I've drawn a little hope out of his talk, providing —"

"Well," said he, gathering my meaning even from my pause, "I should say, sir, that a man would know his own child. Old Mr. Hoskins assured me, whilst telling his story with the tears standing in his eyes, that the portrait sent him was the likeness of Mrs. Ollier, his daughter. That being so, it's reasonable you should ask questions about the wreck."

"Would Mr. Hoskins show me those portraits, do you think?"

"Show them? Why, yes, sir. When he hears the story he'll be glad to be of

use. If you'll stop here, I'll go and manage the matter out of hand for you."

I thanked him and he departed.

I continued alone for some time with my mind tormented by anxiety and expectation. Though old Mr. Hoskins declared the portraits to be his daughter's, yet he might very well be mistaken, too. I waited in dread. The distress of expectation and suspense was complicated by the fear that the action of the sea, the convulsion and agony of drowning, had so wrought as to make a cheat of the face; to the old man it was to be his child, and to me it was to plead dimly as Marie out of its shrunk, ghastly looks! How should we decide then? Indeed, none might ever get to certainly know who it was, and I should go home fancying I had viewed the face of my beloved in death, and fancying, too, for months to come that she had been rescued, and by the many strange crosses of travel and adventure detained, but that she was coming, and I should hear.

Thus I sat, my mind in anguish, starting up sometimes to pace the few feet of chart-house deck, then flinging myself down miserable and mad with thought.

A canary suddenly sang loudly in a cage under the clock; in every plank was the pulse of the engines, like a tingling of blood in veins; from over the side came a note of stealthy hissing, subtly threading the noises of the deck like some one in a theater low-hissing through the voices of the actors.

In about twenty minutes the captain arrived with Mr. Hoskins. He brought the old gentleman in and hooked the door ajar.

Mr. Hoskins was a fresh-colored old man, white-bearded, with intensely black eyebrows curling like mustachios over his glittering black eyes; he was dressed in black; I had observed in him a patient way of looking, of speaking; his voice was a little tremulous with time—he was probably sixty-five years of age.

He held a large envelope, which on entering he put down on top of his hat, and making me a bow slowly, he exclaimed in the broken tones of his years:

"It is truly extraordinary, sir, that you and I should be going to the Cape on the same errand, in the same ship."

"Truly, indeed," I answered. "The

captain has told you my story?" and here I looked at Captain Strutt, who answered:

"Yes. Those are the portraits," and he pointed to the envelope.

I glanced at the package as at a sheet or veil which conceals a face you love, which your heart shrinks from beholding in death.

"She's not your young lady, sir," said Mr. Hoskins, slowly extending his arm to take up the envelope. "She is my daughter. My niece and I instantly recognized the likeness."

He sighed heavily, seating himself with a slow movement, whilst he put the envelope upon his knee to draw a spectacle-case from his pocket. Meanwhile, he spoke:

"She was twenty-four years of age and had been married three years. Her husband took her to Santiago and left her there with her sister. She was to have joined him at Montevideo—but you have heard, sir, you have heard?"

I bowed, trembling with impatience, and still cold at heart, spite of his words, with the dread that had been mine since I heard of those photographs. He put on his spectacles, and laying his hand upon the envelope, looked at me with magnified eyes.

"It is very wonderful," said he, "that your young lady should have been left in a wreck close to the place where my poor child's body was met with."

Captain Strutt, with a sudden fidget of his whole figure, said: "Mr. Hoskins, will you show Mr. Moore the portraits?"

But the old gentleman must first look at them himself: he pulled them out and surveyed them with a countenance of mourning, one in either hand, his underlip working garrulously, and again and again he sighed, till lifting my eyes from the portraits to his face I saw that his cheeks were wet. Then, with but one of his patient gestures, he put the pictures together and extended them to me.

I looked first at one, then at the other: the likenesses were not Marie. I could allow for the changes caused by drowning, by immersion, by the month-long action of spirits or brine; and still, with a wild throb of joy that half choked me, I saw that the likenesses were not Marie.

They were two portraits of one face,

sad to look upon : one in profile, the other full, the body manifestly having been turned to confront the camera. The whiteness of the face in the pictures was as shocking a part as any : the cheeks were so sunk you would have thought she had sucked in her breath, with horrid scorn, a living woman, when the lens of the instrument was turned upon her. They had swept her hair off her brow for a clear view of the face : I supposed it was pale hair by the look of it, but it was not Marie's,—it had not grown low on the forehead, as her's did ; the eyebrows were not her's,—they were too thick ; the ears were too large for Marie's, and, which convinced me absolutely, the shape of the nose was not my dear one's ; no wasting by the action of rolling water, no shrinkage by long immersion, whether in brine or spirits, could work such structural change in the nose as I here saw.

I have those photographs in my mind's eye now : I cannot express their ghastliness. It was not only the forehead rendered naked by the manner in which the hair had been swept back by the artist ; nor a more terrible sort of blindness in the droop and rigidity of the upper lids than anything to be imagined in death's cold glazing of the balls of vision, nor the meaninglessness in the look of the mouth as though it had been some wild man's carving of a grin on an idol, neither human nor yet of the beast, most sickening ! The deep and subtle horror I found in that face was there through fancy of the terrific ocean solitude it had floated in, the icy surge that had tossed it, the pitiless stars which had looked down upon it, the blasts of sleet and hail which had roared over it.

I put the pictures together with a shudder, and in silence handed them to Mr. Hoskins. Both men waited for me to speak. I stopped to fetch a few breaths, then said :

"This poor girl is not Miss Otway."

"She is my daughter," exclaimed the old man again, holding up the pictures to view them. "Oh, my poor child !"

The canary began to sing loudly ; the silencing of it enabled Captain Strutt to turn his back upon us. It was indeed moving to see that old man with his wet cheeks and talking, inarticulate underlip,

looking at the two portraits. He placed them in his pocket after a minute or two, then pulling off his glasses, smiled faintly at me and said :

"The grief is mine, you see, sir."

"And still mine, Mr. Hoskins," I replied. "Since that is your child you certainly know where she is, and therefore what has become of her ; but what can any man tell me of Miss Otway ? She was dear to me, ay, even as she was to you," said I, pointing to the breast of his coat where the pictures lay. "We were to have been married—oh, pray think, sir ! The news they brought home, the last news of her, told me of her as abandoned with two companions in a dismayed hull, in the wildest ocean in the world—amongst the ice—heavenly God !" I cried, springing to my feet, "Am I to believe her as that poor girl is—but never to know—never to be sure that it was so, that it is so !"

And now I knew that the sight of those portraits had wrenched me to the very soul : by speaking of Marie as she might be—this, with the reaction ; for it was not my sweetheart who lay at Cape Town : I had felt an instant's joy on the discovery ; that was past, and it was as before, black uncertainty, troubled and wild with a hundred shapeless fears and fancies.

"It's a great pity," said Captain Strutt bluntly, "that you didn't know Mr. Hoskins had those pictures. You could have gone ashore at Madeira and got home some time before we arrive at the Cape."

"Pray, what may have convinced you that my poor girl as described in the papers was Miss Otway ?" said Mr. Hoskins.

I gave him all the reasons : the description tallying feature by feature, point by point, in hair, stature, refinement of features, and the like ; the letter "O" on the garment, the serge dress and fur-trimmed jacket. The old gentleman lifted his hands, and his gaze, with one of his patient gestures and looks, now of surprise.

"It is more than remarkable," he cried, "it exceeds belief."

"Your daughter was married, and therefore wore a wedding-ring," said Captain Strutt. "A wedding-ring's commonly a tight fit."

"It was no doubt as Captain Goldsmith wrote," said Mr. Hoskins. "The

water shriveled the fingers and the rings slipped off."

"Miss Otway wore rings," said I: "the lady had none. Therefore, the body having no rings proves nothing. Plunge your warm, living hand into ice-cold water, and your tightest ring will wonderfully slacken."

"True," said Captain Strutt, "and still, Mr. Moore, if I was in your place, I shouldn't rest satisfied with the evidence of those portraits."

"Oh, but Mr. Hoskins and I are agreed," said I. "He recognizes his child, and I know that it is not Miss Otway."

"It's my intention to exhume the remains—a sorrowful task—if they'll grant me permission," said Mr. Hoskins. "Since you must now proceed to the Cape, then, if it would satisfy you to look into the coffin when it is opened, you will be very welcome, sir."

I thanked him, adding, however, that I could not be more satisfied than I was. And so, after some further conversation, we quitted the captain's private room.

I might have supposed this discovery of the body not being Marie—and I was as convinced of it as though I positively knew she was alive—would have comforted me, helped something toward the cheering of my spirits; instead, I seemed in my heart as much depressed as if the portrait of the dead girl had been her's. This was because had I known she was dead the worst would have been reached. But now I was to make a weary journey to the Cape to no imaginable purpose. I was to linger there till a returning steamer sailed, then measure all these leagues of water afresh, to arrive home as ignorant of her fate as though I had never set foot out of London.

During the rest of the passage, which was absolutely uneventful, I held much aloof from the people: I was too low-



Drawn by F. Lix.

THE COLONEL AND MR. MOORE.

spirited to join in their conversation and amusements; I begged the captain and Mr. Hoskins to allow my trouble to remain their secret, and they very faithfully obliged me. Captain Strutt would often pace the deck for half an hour at my side, and in such quiet walks our talk nearly always concerned the Lady Emma. He by no means gave me the encouragement I had got from old Robson: he told me honestly that it was as likely as not the three had been taken off the wreck, but advised me not to hope too much in that way after I returned to England, "because," said he, "the news of such a rescue is bound to come to hand soon; things are not as they were forty years before: you have the telegraph, and the steamer, and the newspaper. They were wrecked in July," said he. "If it was my business, I'd allow eight months, then, hearing nothing, I'd give them up."

He flatly differed from old Robson's notion of the comparative safety of a dismantled hull amongst icebergs. "How," he exclaimed, in a grave, wondering voice, "could any sailorman talk such stuff? It's like his prejudice against the north pole. What's to hinder a dismantled vessel from being flung against ice and hammered to pieces? I don't talk to dispirit you, sir, but my reasoning is, if a loss must be a loss, then, for

God's sake, let it be made and have done."

The Cambrian entered Table bay December 13th. It was early in the morning, but the sun was already high, and when I went on deck and looked around me I beheld as flashing and noble a scene of blue water and lofty mountain as this earth has to show. The atmosphere was brimful of white and even splendor, so that the azure of the sky looked cold in it. Wonderful to my eyes was the sight of a gale of wind so local in its fury that the frothing confines of the torn water curved like a line of beach, this side being smooth and glittering, softly fanned with a little air out of the west, where the white light was so lustrous that the leaning sails of the Malay boats flickered in it with a look of frosted silver.

Afar, and marvelously clear cut in their hundred miles of distance, loomed a range of lofty mountains: the fierce wind was blowing out of a glorious white mist which veiled with falling and ascending draperies of vapor the greater bulk of the tawny mass on the right; but so marvelously brilliant was the atmosphere through which the gale was rushing, the sense of distance vanished. The huge steep lifting and disappearing in its splendor of mist, drew close; I saw the curves of the cloofs, every wrinkle of broken rock, and patches of bush, though it was all miles off and high in air. The white houses spread like toys of ivory to the base, and the wide waters of the bay, full of the gleams of the brushing westerly air, and foaming under the shrieking lash of the gale where the breast of blue rounded to the town, were framed by a sparkling, snow-white beach, past which the swelling country showed in reds and greens till the sight died upon the phantom blue of distant heights.

There were no docks in those days, nor can I recollect that they had begun to build the breakwater. We brought up in the splendid weather outside the thrashing storm, but it seemed we were to be kept aboard till the southeaster had blown itself out. Many ships, a few very large and fine, lay straining at their anchors, some within and some without that spray-white sheet of foul weather. I stood at the rail looking at a little bark which lay within easy hail of the voice. Mr. Baynton, chief officer of the

Cambrian, approached to look at a boat that lay close under alongside. But his seaman's eye went quickly to the bark, and turning to me he said:

"That's what they call a spouter."

"A whaler?"

"Yes. She looks it, sir. See the boats at her cranes. What sort of daylight filters through those greasy scuttles in her side, I wonder? She is an American: three years out by the looks of her, fresh from parts where it's always too hot or always too cold, and with how many barrels aboard, ha! It's said no seaman thinks anything of a man as a sailor who learnt his trade in a greaser. For my part, I respect 'em. What Jack of us all sees the like of their seafaring? Let alone the weather, and that touches the extremes, what magnificent work in boats, what nerve and determination! To think of one of those eggshells," said he, nodding at the boats at the whaler's cranes, "being in tow of a rushing mountain of stinking black flesh, shooting blood and brine sky high, every thrash of the tail a Niagara drench of roaring white water—ha!"

He sucked in his cheeks, blew them out again in a low whistle of admiration, and walked off.

I did not land till four o'clock in the afternoon. Mr. Hoskins, when we parted, put his card into my hand with an address at Cape Town upon it, and begged me to let him know the house I put up at that he might communicate, in case I should think proper to confirm the revelation of the photographs by an inspection of the remains.

XXIII.

THE SHIP SEEN ON THE ICE.

I was advised against the two or three bad hotels in Cape Town, and whilst in the ship had obtained the address of a boarding-house. It was a comfortable, big, Dutch-built house, low, without chimneys: it stood in a garden full of moon-lilies and many lovely flowers, the fairest of them scentless. Here I found a colonel from India for his health, a Dutch couple, and one or two others. From the stoop of this house you saw the grand mass of Table mountain, seeming-

ly close to, the shadow of its noble bulk seemed to fill the heavens and swell with sensible usurping presence into the far reaches of the country. I had traveled in mountainous parts in Europe, but never before witnessed such a tyrannous domination as this. The colossal ramparts caught up the whole prospect whilst you looked in a swinging sweep of their length, till 'twas all mountain with the steam-like vapor shredding away from the boiling whiteness atop and the houses clustering into the base like things of life shuddering back into the giant refuge.

Such were the fantastic notions I got of the thing as I sat, cigar in mouth, on the stoop of the boarding-house on the first night of my arrival. The full moon was shining over the bay; I saw through the trees a space of the silvered waters, with the black figures and lines of ships anchored in the trembling glow, spotting it with their riding lights. The breeze was falling in sighs down the steep, and troubling the vegetation into the shedding of some sweetness upon the night air; the tinkling of the crickets spread low, like a noise of fairy bells, over the land, surging up in the warm, damp breeze and dying. I heard a band of music in the distance, but the mountain shone upon by the moon and now radiant at the summit with snow-white mist, looked the tranquillity of its great face into the night, and the peace of its sublime silence dwelt like a spirit everywhere, to the very height of the stars, down to the waters trembling under the moon.

This rest was grateful and exquisitely refreshing after the ceaseless motions of the ship and the senseless chatter of the engines. And yet, though I was but just arrived, I now, after my first meal ashore for many days, sat alone, considering what I should do.

I had learnt at table there were ships in the bay homeward bound; also, I was, and had long been aware that I must wait a month for the next Union steamer to England. I could not, however, bring myself to endure the prospect of sailing home. The voyage by steam had already proved unendurably long; and now I might take shipping under a topsail, make a passage of two months to the

line, lie in a month-long trance upon the burnished swatches of the molten-silver swell of the doldrums, then wish myself dead in six weeks of tempest to the Scillies, with a long flounder up channel to round off all.

Therefore, on this, the first night of my arrival at Cape Town, I resolved to return by steam, taking anything in that way which might come from the Indies, or failing that, then the monthly Union steamer.

The colonel came out of the house with a long cheroot in his mouth, and sat down by my side. He was a man with bland manners and a sarcastic voice. He talked contemptuously of Cape Town and its people, and cursed the indisposition that had driven him into such a barbarous hole, where you were distempered by bad cooks, poisoned by dreadful smells, maddened by the horns of the colored costermongers. I was in no temper to hear him, and was glad when he got up and strolled off.

Here I was thousands of miles from home—for what purpose? I was no nearer to Marie? Would she ever be heard of? Was she alive? I looked up at the full moon and asked of God if its splendor rested anywhere upon her?

But then—but then—and my heart ached again as I reflected: it was in July that her ship was dismantled and last heard of, and this was December, almost the middle of it: five whole months! And the hard part was that I should have to live through another interminable period of expectation before reaching home, where alone I must hope to get news. Why, even whilst I sat there, with the two Atlantics between England and me, she might have arrived, or they might have got news that she was coming! And thus was I sure to go on thinking and hoping until I returned, when they would tell me they had heard nothing!

My thoughts went but seldom, and lightly, to the body of the girl who was resting in her grave somewhere past those trees yonder. She was not Marie. I'd look upon her if the coffin was lifted and Mr. Hoskins invited me; but she was not Marie! The wonder and pity of her to my mind, now that I had seen the photographs, lay in the coincidence of

her discovery and in the ghastly vision of her floating figure—so young and fair as she had been!—a fancy of ocean loneliness, I could somehow realize better here than at sea, maybe because of the height the lofty shadow of the mountain sent the stars to, its blotting presence widening the scene of heaven by exciting imagination of the magnitude of the hidden slope going over, and passed it to Agulhas and down to where the ice was.

After this, for two or three days, I went about alone, struggling with a mood of depression that discolored everything I beheld. It robbed all grace of freshness from the beauty and the splendor of the sights which lay about me. My favorite haunt was the waterside, where I'd stand watching the Atlantic comber form, huge and polished, out of the silken swell, arching and rushing onwards in a sparkling bravery of foam and sunlight; but my thoughts were always with Marie, and again and again I'd catch myself sighing as I brought my eyes away from the remote blue distance past Robben island.

It was on the fourth day of my arrival, in the afternoon, that, strolling slowly under the shade of an umbrella from that part of the waterside close to where the docks now are, I met the colonel who lodged with me in the boarding-house. He turned from gazing at the bay under the sharp of his hand and approached me.

"Were you ever aboard a whaler?" he asked.

"Never," I answered.

"That ship yonder's a whaler," said he, pointing.

"Yes, I know," I replied. "I had a good look at her from the side of the steamer—we lay within a biscuit-toss."

"I went aboard of her this morning," said he, causing me to stop by halting and looking toward the vessel as though he would have me observe her whilst he talked. "She is well worth a visit. Half of her crew are Kanakas, and the remainder Yankees, and a wild, queer, hairy lot they are. The captain's a Quaker: a strange, tall, formal fellow, buttoned up, lean and yellow, and thee's and thou's you: most unlike a seaman of any I ever saw. He was very civil, though, mighty communicative: I sat an

hour in his little cabin, and 'twas as good as going a-whaling to hear him. Such an array of harpoons and lances, decks dark with the mess of blubber boiling—'trying out' the captain called it; if you want to pass an hour agreeably and forget that you're in a land of smells and noise, visit her.

I answered it was probable I would do so.

"Not that she's a nosegay," said he, with a short, sarcastic laugh, "but there's nothing Malay in the odor, nothing Dutch. The captain related an odd incident that happened whilst he was off the Horn, a bit south of it, I think."

Here he stepped out, and I strolled by his side, pricking my ears, for there was a magic in the name of Cape Horn that never failed to arrest my attention.

"She'd been fishing in the South seas, and finding no quarry, was coming into this ocean. She was running before a strong gale of wind off—I forget the name of the island: it lies south of the Horn. The land, coated with ice, stretched along their starboard beam: the captain had no notion he was so close in. He was looking at the land through his telescope when, in a sudden flaw that thinned the weather out into a momentary brilliance, he caught sight of a large dismasted ship upright on her keel upon a huge projection of ice that fell sheer to the wash of the surf. He reckons the height of cliff on which that hull was poised about thirty feet. How devilish odd! You can figure ships in many situations, but how in ghosts are they going to cradle themselves on an elevation of thirty or forty feet?"

When he said this I stopped dead: a fancy then—at that instant—flashed into me in pang after pang as though every drop of blood in my veins was living fire. It brought me to a stand just as if I had been paralyzed, or struck by lightning.

Presently, looking at him, and rather gasping than speaking, I said:

"A dismasted ship, was it?—On an island south of the Horn, did he say?—Why, my God, I wonder—I wonder—!"

"What's the matter? What's there in this to—I hope I—catch hold of my arm!" exclaimed the colonel, staring at me with astonishment. "What's it, sunstroke? Not under your umbrella." And

he directed his aquiline nose and keen, blue eyes right up into the sky, then put his arm through mine, and we walked slowly, he meanwhile surveying me askant with every mark of amazement.

After going a little way, during which I thought I should be unable to command my tongue or collect my wits, so heart-staggering had been that leap of fancy in me, I said :

"You have given me an extraordinary piece of news. I am deeply interested in a ship that was abandoned in a dismasted state in the neighborhood of the Horn."

"By gad, then," said he, halting me with a violent, nervous pull at my arm, "you had better go aboard and get a description at first hand, for the whaler's here to refresh only : she's been in the bay a fortnight, and sails to-morrow."

Without exchanging a word I walked, almost ran, to the waterside.

A number of boats lay rippling close in to the beach. A couple of Malay or Africander boatmen seeing me coming jumped into one of the little craft, and in a few minutes I was being rowed in the direction of the whaler.

It was about half-past four o'clock in the afternoon : the light of the high south African midsummer sun fell on the water in a blaze that made one think of a sky-wide bolt of flame ; the scorching heat steamed to the face off the surface in tingling red-hot needles ; there was not a breath of air ; along the polished surface breathing with the swell of the sea slipped the small thunder of the distant surf. We drew close to the whaler, and I read her name upon her counter : "Sea Queen — Nantucket." Her sides were blistered and honeycombed with heat and conflict ; her cabin scuttles or windows, in a row of three above her green sheathing, stared in their dirt blearedly across the water, like the eyes of a blind man ; a number of seamen of several dyes of complexion and queerly attired overhung the bulwark rails.

She was a little ship of about four hundred tons, and looked to be dropping to pieces with use, so deeply was she seamed, so ill were her masts stayed, so rusty and pale was her rigging, so worn and ragged the complexion and suggestion of the canvas heaped clumsily and negligently bound. When the boat was alongside I

looked up at a copper-colored face covered with black prickles of hair, and asked if the captain was aboard.

"Ay," was the answer.

"I wish to see him on very particular business," said I.

The man stared stupidly and lounged off.

"You gittee on board, boss," said one of the boatmen. "You hab welcome allee same as other gents."

I took the man's advice, and putting my foot on to the shelf or projection of main channels, sprang and gained the deck in a jump from the bulwark rail.

There were probably twenty men lounging forward in every imaginable posture, smoking and talking ; they were black and yellow, and some were of the white man's bronze, long-haired, beards goat-shaped, the figure of them striking, with grass hats, dungaree trousers, brown shanks, and shirts of several dyes exposing their furry breasts. They took no notice of me whatever. The decks were dark with dirt : insufferably heaped up with caboose, boats, casks, pumps, and some mid-ship arrangement for boiling blubber. A smell of grease hung cold and nasty in the atmosphere.

I faced aft, and was moving that way when a tall figure rose through the deck from under a sort of wooden hood which yawned near the wheel. I instantly guessed him the captain by the colonel's description : he was lean and hollow, with high cheek-bones and a clean shaven face, yellow as any of his men forward ; buttoned up in an old frock-coat, and he wore a gray wideawake, the brim turned down. His eye came to me without any expression of interest : I judged by his manner his ship had been much visited.

I went straight up to him, and lifting my cap asked if he was the master of this bark ?

"I am," he replied.

"I have come off," said I, "to speak with you on a matter of the deepest interest to myself. I just now met a gentleman who told me that south of the Horn you sighted a large hull, high and dry upon the ice. Last July a ship named the Lady Emma was dismasted and abandoned by her crew, who left three people aboard ; the men quitted her much about the spot where you sighted the wreck.

One of the people remaining in her was Captain Burke, her commander; the others were his wife, and a young lady named Miss Otway. I was engaged to be married to that young lady, sir, and came here, having arrived from England on the 13th, believing that a body which had been found at sea and brought to Cape Town was Miss Otway's. It is not so. God knows but that, if the hull you sighted be the Lady Emma, the three may be living—aboard—in a hopeless state! Will you tell me all you can recollect of her appearance and situation?"

In speaking I had insensibly worked myself up, and ended with my voice broken by agitation. He looked me steadily in the face, and when I had ended, after a minute's silence, said:

"Friend, follow me into the cabin, and I'll tell thee all I know."

He led me down a narrow staircase with a little, brown, gloomy interior, whose equipment was barely revealed by the light that struggled through the frame of dirty glass overhead. The shaft of mizzenmast pierced the deck and was ringed by a number of polished harpoons. A squat, square table was set in the midst of this cabin, and on either hand it was a locker rugged and jagged, as though generations of whalemén had cut up plug tobacco upon the lid.

The captain told me to sit down, and with a stride or two of his long legs vanished inside a small berth abaft the mizzenmast. He reappeared, holding a volume which proved to be his log-book; this he placed upon the table and sat down in front of it.

"What might thy name be?" he asked whilst he turned the leaves of the book.

"Mr. Moore," I answered.

He fastened his eyes on the page, and after reading a while said:

"We sighted the ship on the ice on the morning of the 13th of October. It had been blowing a hard gale all through the night, but it slackened down airy in the morning, and we put her before it; but so high a sea was running that had I seen that thar hull full of men I could have done nothing for them." He ran his finger along the page and continued: "The latitood in which that wreck lies is 60 degrees, and the longitood—I'm giving it thee by

thy Greenwich time—will be 45 degrees, 28 minutes W."

I pulled out my note-book and entered these figures.

"Though," he went on, "she looks to be lying on ice, it's land that cradles her. It's what's marked down as Coronation island, and's the westernmost of the South Orkneys. She lies plain in sight of the sea onless the ice since then has come together and blocked her out."

"Did you get a good view of her?"

"I had her clear for ten minutes, watching for smoke for a signal, and I then gave the glass to the mate, who likewise looked till the run of the land hid her. Yes. She was black: a lump of a ship she looked; wal, I daresay all seven hundred tons. What was the burthen of thy vessel, Mr. Moore?"

"Six hundred," I answered.

"Ho, wal, we was a good ways off, and that thar hull might as well be six as seven hundred tons."

"Was she clean dismasted?"

"Clean? Wal, my mate arterwards said there was a stump of foremast standing. I didn't observe it."

"But it must be the ship—the Lady Emma herself," I cried, almost shouting in my excitement. "When her masts went over the side twelve feet of the foremast remained."

He nodded gravely, but his long, yellow face reflected nothing of my emotion.

"Did you see nothing whatever to hint at there being life on board," I exclaimed.

"Nothin'," he answered; "she hung betwixt thirty and forty foot high above the wash of the sea on a big ledge of ice, with the white cliffs going up behind her. Haow she so perched herself beats me, onless the ice jerked her up into it, for when them bergs are took with convulsions their tricks are queerer than their shapes by su'thin', and that's a fact."

"You saw nothing to hint at life on board?" I repeated.

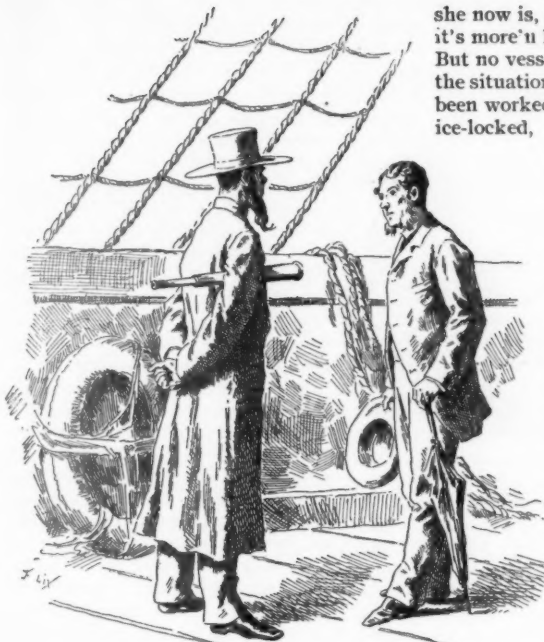
He shook his head solemnly.

"Your mate saw nothing?"

Again he wagged his head.

"Captain, tell me,—you are an old hand,—could people support life in that craft as she lies there, supposing her to have been stranded since July last?"

"Ho, I reckon."



Drawn by F. Lix.

MR. MOORE AND THE CAPTAIN OF THE WHALER.

"But would not the people, on seeing your ship pass, have made a smoke, have shown some signal?"

"Wal," he answered, "supposing folks aboard, thee's not to reckon they'd be always keeping a lookout. It's mighty cold down thar, an' they'll be mostly sitting under hatches, an' if they've been thar since July, as thee says, they'll have growed a little tired, I guess, by this here time, of watching for suthin' to happen."

"Is she to be got at by the people of a ship sighting her or sent to her?"

"There was a mighty biling of water all along under where she was," he answered. "Thee'd need a quiet day; but quiet days are to be had, bar the swell. Folks have landed afore, and they'll land again. Ho, yes. If thy friends are up in that thar hull, they're to be got out."

"Suppose her there since July: will you believe she has been boarded and the people released?"

"Why," he answered, "if she's been lying fair and square, clear in sight as

she now is, since that month thee names, it's more'n likely the folks are out of her. But no vessel was ever put by herself in the situation of that craft. I reckon she's been worked up into it arter having lain ice-locked, which may sinnify that for months she's been hid, so that we may have been the first to sight that hull."

I listened with a feverish passion of attention, devouring every syllable his drawing tongue dropped.

"Have you a chart of that island?" I asked.

He nodded gravely.

"I'm temperance, aft here," said he. "I can offer thee nothing stronger than lemonade."

I was too violently agitated to thank him decently, and stuttering out an awkward acknowledgment, begged him again to let me see the chart of the island. He took the log-book with him to his berth, and returning spread before me a chart representing a considerable expanse of the seas

off the Horn. My sight was now used to the gloom: when he put his finger upon the place where he had seen the wreck, I observed that he indicated an indent in the tracing marked Palmer's bay.

My spirits were in such a tumult, my heart beat so wildly, the pulses of my head throbbed so, there was so much feverish confusion of mind and brain, I could scarcely rally my wits to the task of further questioning him. 'Twas as sure as that I lived that the hull seen by this man was the Lady Emma! and even whilst I bent over the chart, whilst I lifted up my eyes to look at him, the thought of the measureless distance at which the wreck lay, of Marie perhaps being at this very time alive in her, then the imagination of her having been rescued long since, then the fancy of the hull as a huge coffin, in which my dear one lay frozen and dead: all this worked in me like a madness. I was beside myself. I pored upon the chart panting, the sweat streaming from my brows, my hands cold as stone.

(To be continued.)

IN THE WORLD
OF
ART AND LETTERS.



The New Fiction.—When people are troubled by a new phenomenon, a sense of peace and rest comes over them when somebody labels it. A name seems to be an explanation. It saves the trouble of analyzing the phenomenon. But never has this mental indolence been so marked as in the last few years, when new things are simply labeled "new." The moment some happy genius invents the epithet, it is seized on with relief by the horde who put a formula into their mouths to steal away their brains. The new humor and the new woman, having now been in use for a couple of years to cover every variety of jocosity and femininity disliked by the user, have been supplemented by the new fiction, a phrase due to a London evening paper, which has collected its strictures (for to be "new" is to be always the subject of strictures) into a special volume. According to the self-styled "Philistine," the new fiction is the fiction of sex-problems. But sex-problems are only the most superficial manifestation of the new spirit; any fool can remark this effervescence of the over-suppressed, but it requires a deeper vision to see that the real movement of the day is toward a closer reflection of actual life. When Mr. Howells told us a few years back that there was a little of clay in our idols, that Scott and Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot did not represent the ultimate goals of achievement or exhaust the possibilities of perfection, he was met by yells and cat-calls; but now it is not unusual to hear from some home-grown critic that Scott is tedious and slipshod in style, if not in matter, that the fame of George Eliot has almost died away, that Dickens is crude and artificial, and that Thackeray represents only the club-window view of life. This is the sort of sifting to which time must inevitably subject all literary work, for it is absurd to suppose that posterity can accept any but a proportion of the work of even the greatest authors, nor does it argue any conviction of conceit in posterity to expect its own work to be a development from rather than an imitation of the treasures already in its possession. For this reason it is a mark of inferiority to recall too vividly by form or matter some masterpiece of the past. What should in justice move the critic's strictures is the failure to be "new." The "old" fiction (apart from the masters) had as many absurdities, some of which have struck even the humorist and the comic papers. "Bookland" is, indeed, a strange world, and the only excuse that can be made for it is that many persons find it more agreeable to live in than the real world. Nor would one wish it to dis-

appear entirely. The "Trilby" view of life, or the Besantine rosy reflection of it, or the Ouidaesque refraction of it, or the Stanley Weyman reflection of past art, makes pleasant reading enough, and it is not necessary for the formula of art to be rigid and intolerant as some ecclesiastical canon. Nay, since art is at bottom the expression of the artist, there must be as many formulæ as there are men. But let us not have the intolerance coming from the other side, from the conservative side, which acquiesced for years in a literature which ignored the most vital and constant factors of real life; against which the present "sex-mania in fiction" is only a natural, if a regrettable, reaction. This will rage itself out; but the real new fiction has come to stay. It is a fiction which will win its triumphs not by an exaggeration of sex as false and disproportionate as the repression of it, but by fresh observation of life, which it will see steadily, and which it will see whole. Everything tends to become stereotyped, and modes of thought, and feeling, and action which have long disappeared from life are apt to linger on in art, till people are shocked and perturbed when at length the actual human life they know makes its appearance. Psychology changes with the times, but the personages of most contemporary novels are our grandfathers and grandmothers, if, indeed, they were ever like the population of "Bookland." And the worst of it is some of us feel a certain constraint to imitate art, and are apt to wonder whether we are wrong or wicked in being unable to rise to the points of view of these creatures of ink. But there is a healthy stir in England at this moment, a recognition that the old types of character and incident are played out, and that the infinite combinations and permutations of real life are perpetually offering us new drama and new humor as elements from which to weave the real new fiction.

I. ZANGWILL.



Scandinavian Literature has found in Prof. H. H. Boyesen an interpreter who understands both its spirit and its form; who comprehends the genius of the race and the individuality of the writers who have expressed that genius. In two recent volumes dealing, in the first instance, with Ibsen, and now with his contemporaries, Professor Boyesen has put English-speaking people into possession of the facts of literary development in the Scandinavian North,

has conveyed very clear impressions of the different personalities who have effected that development, and has succeeded admirably in making us aware of their social, political, and religious surroundings and background. These two contributions to contemporary literary history are also contributions to the spiritual history of the time. They are chapters out of the life-story of the North, for they make us aware that the literary activity which they record is only a phase of the working out of the race character and problems; and that in dealing with Ibsen, Björnson, and their literary kith and kin, we are dealing with the genius of the peoples who have inherited the Eddas and Sagas from their virile and daring ancestors. No chapter of recent literary history is more interesting than that which records the revival of the slumbering Norse genius; and none is so full of that original force which is conspicuously absent from the work of the Decadents in other countries. While a considerable group of writers in France, Belgium, Holland, and England, seem to be striving to stimulate flagging creative energy by artifice and exaggeration, Ibsen and Björnson remain unspent fountains of that kind of power which strikes home to the universal fact and experience. Whatever differences of opinion there may be about their conclusions, there can be but one opinion about their originality and vitality; they speak with the clear tones of those whose authority rests on insight and not on tradition. And our century, which has been almost as rich in great and striking personalities as the Renaissance, has known no men of more marked and impressive character than some of these Norse poets, playwrights, and novelists. They are born leaders as well

as artists, and one must go back to the Sagas to discover their peers as interpreters of that which has so long been inarticulate in the life of their people. To deal with men of such deep affiliation with the soil, and such mastery of the characteristic forces of their race, one must have a vital conception of literature and a free hand in portraiture and criticism. Professor Boyesen has both qualifications. He feels strongly the dependence of the literary idea and form on the vital conditions of race, history, and environment; and he has a bold hand in delineating men so masterful and commanding. If his essays are open to criticism, it lies along the line of their strength; they are so direct and unconventional that they sometimes give the impression of carelessness. In their immense regard for the facts of human experience, and their occasional indifference to literary conventions, they are, however, in entire harmony with the works with which they deal. It is high praise to say that Professor Boyesen nowhere reminds us that he is a man-of-letters commenting on other men-of-letters; he gives us the men behind the profession, and he is able to do this because he writes as a man whose convictions and instincts are stronger than the fashions and traditions of his profession.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.



Co-education of the Sexes.—The work that M. Paul Bourget has devoted to the study of American manners and customs has recently been published in France under the title of "Outre Mer." Of course, you know better than we what it is worth; for you know yourselves, and if, by chance, he is mistaken on any point, you will at once have been struck by his error.

I occasionally come across some book written by a German tourist, or an English traveler, on our ways of living, our character, and our temperament. The remarks made by these gentlemen frequently give evidence of very shrewd powers of analysis. But suddenly, when treating of some simple detail of our every-day life, they are guilty of so palpable and gross a blunder that we Parisians start with surprise—sometimes even with indignation.

One must, indeed, be a close observer and a profound psychologist; for the inner spirit of a people cannot be appreciated by traveling, eye-glass in hand, through the regions it occupies. Such a rapid and superficial view is productive only of impressions that will be molded, not so much on the facts of the case as upon the idiosyncrasies of the mind that conceives them. I imagine that there are many things in America that Bourget has observed from the standpoint of French prejudice; yet Bourget prides himself upon being the most cosmopolitan of all our writers.

There is a chapter in his book that has excited our most lively interest, for it deals with a question that is now being warmly discussed among us, and has given rise not only to philosophic controversies, but to the loudest scandals; I refer to the co-education of the sexes.

It is very probable that this phrase, which is, with us, laden with dissensions, has not aroused in America (at least in North America) any idea of discussion. To you it seems quite natural that little boys should sit on the same forms in school as little girls, and receive the same instruction. It even appears, if M. Bourget is to be believed, that in certain establishments this mingling of the sexes is continued even when the children have reached adolescence, and that no inconvenience is felt. These classes, devoted to both sexes, are conducted by either masters or mistresses, and the latter are obeyed as implicitly as the former.

You in America cannot imagine how repugnant this idea appears to our customs, and what distrust it arouses in the mind of a French mother.

M. Robin, a schoolmaster whom I personally believe to be a man of the greatest merit, independent in spirit, as well as a first-class savant, applied this

system of the co-education of the sexes in a school that had been entrusted to him by the municipal council of Paris. I do not know whether you have heard of this experiment; it made a great commotion among us this year, and the school of Campuis—that is its name—has become proverbial.

No one in France would believe that it was possible for young boys of from twelve to fourteen years of age to be associated in all their school-work with little girls of the same age, without serious moral inconvenience. The public took pleasure in exaggerating those inconveniences, and popular clamor became so loud that M. Robin had to be dismissed.

A detail, the importance of which will not be appreciated by any one who is not acquainted with Parisian life, will show you at once the trend of public opinion, and how excited it had become on this subject. With us it is a custom that all events of the day, great or small, shall be passed in review and ridiculed in a species of play that is called for this reason "The Review." Most of the variety theaters have their annual review, and all the music-halls, without exception, have at least one every year, so that the reviews in Paris every winter can be counted by the score.

Well, every one of them this year brought in the school at Campuis, and, of course, they overwhelmed it with ridicule. They all gave us a representation of a school in which boys and girls were assembled in the class-room together, and, instead of attending to their studies, under the eyes of a clownish master, were devoting themselves to more or less open flirting.

You cannot imagine the malicious joy of the audience. They cheered to the echo this burlesque of the co-education of the sexes—a system that seemed to them either monstrous or ridiculous and absurd. I have several times had the pleasure of speaking to M. Robin, whom I had boldly defended in the papers for which I write.

"Well," I said to him, "you were caricatured once more in yesterday's Review." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Let them amuse themselves," he said. "The idea will, perhaps, benefit by it. To-day I am looked upon as an insufferable innovator; who knows but that—thanks to all this agitation—the public mind, being gradually familiarized with the idea, will soon consider me lukewarm and behind the times."

I am inclined to think that he was right. Your example, which M. Bourget's book will popularize, will greatly aid the cause. For my own part, I am convinced that little boys and girls could not but gain by being less separated than they are with us, owing to our manner of bringing them up. It is very true that our young Frenchmen are more disposed to cheap gallantry than the young folk in England or America. Their first thought on seeing a young girl is to make love to her, and win her. But who knows if this tendency does not come from that very separation which, in this country, is so strict between the sexes?

In domestic life, does a brother ever think of his sister as someone to whom he can pay his addresses? He lives with her on the footing of affectionate good-fellowship, and she, in the same way, never dreams that her brother can be anything to her but a protector and a friend. Why? Because both have been reared at the same hearth, with the idea that there was between them an impassable barrier. Very well! Why could not this idea be similarly interposed in the school relations of boys and girls, sitting on the same forms and answering the same questions?

The boys (even our French boys) would learn, from association with chaste young girls, those sentiments of modesty which are too often lacking. Perhaps, also, young English and American girls are partly indebted for their characteristic habits of decision and energy, to the companionship of the boys they have associated with at school.

Bourget assures us that with you the constant mingling is entirely free from evil. I can say that at Campuis, notwithstanding all calumnies and recrimina-

tions, no one has been able to bring forward a single fact that could taint with immorality the system of the co-education of the sexes.

Of course, you know that the example of your American girls has had great influence upon the sentiments, bearing, and conversation of the young ladies of our country. They have taken the Americans as their models in assuming a freedom that they had never before enjoyed, and the day is not distant when a young French girl will be allowed to go out alone and look after herself.

This will be a great revolution in our customs; a revolution which we shall owe to you, and which M. Bourget and his work, "Outre Mer," will have materially aided.

FRANCISQUE SARCEY.

* * *

La Coéducation des Sexes.—L'œuvre que M. Paul Bourget vient de consacrer à l'étude des mœurs américaines a paru ces jours-ci en France, sous le titre d' "Outre Mer." Il va sans dire que vous savez beaucoup mieux que nous ce qu'il en faut penser; car vous devez vous connaître vous-mêmes, et si par hasard il s'est trompé sur quelque point, l'erreur a dû tout de suite vous sauter aux yeux.

Il m'arrive parfois de lire tel ou tel volume écrit par un touriste allemand ou par un voyageur anglais sur nos habitudes de vie, sur notre caractère et notre tempérament. Ces messieurs font souvent preuve dans leurs remarques d'une rare sagacité d'analyste. Mais voilà que tout à coup sur un simple détail de notre existence quotidienne, ils commettent une si lourde et si singulière bévue que nous tressaillons, nous autres Parisiens, de surprise et parfois même d'indignation.

C'est qu'on a beau être un observateur attentif et un profond psychologue, car on ne connaît pas l'âme intime d'une nation pour avoir traversé, le lorgnon à l'œil, les contrées qu'elle habite. On remporte jamais de cette vue rapide et superficielle que des impressions, qui si moult moins sur la réalité du fait, que sur la forme du cerveau où elles ont été conçues. J'imagine qu'il y aura une infinité de choses que Bourget n'aura aperçues en Amérique qu'à travers nos préjugés français. Et cependant Bourget se pique d'être le plus cosmopolite de tous nos écrivains.

Il y a dans son livre un chapitre qui nous a intéressés de la façon la plus vive, parce qu'il y est traité d'une question qui est chez nous à cette heure passionnément débattue, qui a donné lieu non seulement à des controverses philosophiques, mais à des scandales retentissants: je vous parle de la coéducation des sexes.

Il est bien probable que ce mot, qui, chez nous, est gros d'orages, a éveillé en Amérique (dans l'Amérique du Nord tout au moins) aucune idée de discussion. On trouve chez vous tout naturel que de jeunes garçons s'assoyent sur les bancs d'une école à côté de petites filles et y reçoivent la même éducation. Il paraît même, si j'en crois M. Bourget, que dans certains établissements cette promiscuité des deux sexes dans une même classe se poursuit même alors que garçons et fillettes sont arrivés à l'âge de l'adolescence et qu'elle n'offre aucun inconvénient. Ces classes, affectées aux deux sexes, sont faites indifféremment par des maîtres ou par des maîtresses; et les dernières ne sont pas moins obéies que les premiers.

Vous ne pouvez là bas vous douter à quel point cette conception répugne à nos mœurs, et quelles défiances elle soulève dans l'esprit d'une mère de famille française.

Un instituteur, que je tiens, quant à moi pour un homme du plus grand mérite, un esprit plein d'initiative en même temps qu'un savant de premier ordre M. Robin avait, dans une école que lui avait confié le Conseil Municipal de Paris, appliqué ce système de la coéducation des sexes. Je ne sais si vous avez entendu parler de cette tentative. La chose a fait chez nous un bruit terrible cette année, et le nom de l'école, qui s'appelait l'école de Campuis, est devenu légendaire.

Personne en France n'a voulu croire qu'il fût possible que des garçons de douze à quatorze ans fussent, dans tous les exercices scolaires, mêlés à des fillettes du même âge, sans qu'il n'en résultât pour la moralité de sérieux inconvénients. Ces inconvénients, on a pris plaisir à les exagérer. La rumeur publique a été si forte qu'il a fallu destituer M. Robin.

Un détail dont on ne peut bien comprendre l'importance que si l'on est au courant de la vie Parisienne, vous montrera dans quel sens s'était porté l'esprit public et à quel point elle avait été surexcitée. Chez nous, c'est une habitude que tous les événements, petits ou grands, d'une saison soient passés en revue et raillés dans un genre de pièce, que l'on appelle pour cette raison "Les Revues." La plupart des théâtres de genre ont leur revue annuelle et tous les cafés concerts sans exception en ont au moins une par an, de sorte que c'est par vingtaines que l'on compte chaque hiver le nombre des revues à Paris.

Eh bien! toutes, cette année, ont mis sur la scène l'école de Campuis, et naturellement pour la blâmer à outrance. Toutes nous ont présenté des garçons et des filles réunis dans une école pour des exercices communs, et qui, au lieu de songer à leurs études sous les yeux d'un maître imbécile, s'occupaient de flirts plus ou moins avoués.

Vous n'imaginez pas la joie malsaine du public! Il applaudissait avec fureur cette raillerie de la coéducation des sexes, d'un système qui lui semblait ou monstrueux ou ridicule et absurde. J'ai eu plus d'une fois le plaisir d'en causer avec M. Robin, dont j'avais hardiment pris la défense dans les journaux où j'écris.

—Eh bien! lui disais-je. Vous voilà encore caricaturé dans la revue d'hier soir!

Il levait les épaules:

—Laissons-les s'amuser, répondait-il. L'idée n'en fera peut-être que mieux son chemin. Je passe aujourd'hui pour un révolutionnaire insupportable. Qui sait si, grâce à toute cette agitation, les esprits se familiarisant peu à peu avec cette image, je ne passerai pas pour un tiède et un arriéré.

J'incline à croire qu'il avait raison. Votre exemple, que va populariser le livre de M. Bourget, servira puissamment cette cause. Je suis convaincu, pour ma part, que jeunes gens et jeunes filles ne pourraient que gagner à vivre moins séparés qu'ils ne le sont chez nous par nos habitudes d'éducation. Il est très vrai que nos jeunes français ont plus de disposition à la galanterie banale que les jeunes gens en Angleterre et en Amérique. La première idée que leur vient, quand ils voient une jeune fille, c'est de lui faire la cour, pour s'en emparer. Mais qui sait si ce penchant ne vient pas précisément de la séparation, qui est si rigoureuse en notre pays entre les deux sexes.

Est ce que dans les familles un frère songe jamais que sa sœur soit une personne à qui il puisse adresser ses vœux. Il vit avec elle sur un pied de bonne et affectueuse camaraderie. Et elle, de même, ne se doute pas que son frère puisse être autre chose pour elle qu'un protecteur et un ami.

Pourquoi?

C'est que tous deux ont été élevés au même foyer, avec cette idée qu'une barrière insurmontable

était posée entre eux. Eh bien ! pourquoi cette idée ne pourrait elle pas s'interposer de même dans les rapports qui s'établiraient à l'école entre garçons et fillettes, assis sur les mêmes bancs, répondant aux mêmes interrogations.

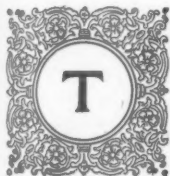
Les garçons (même nos garçons français) prendraient au contact de jeunes filles chastes les sentiments de pudeur, qui leur manquent trop souvent chez nous. Peut-être aussi les jeunes filles anglaises et américaines doivent elles en partie les habitudes de décision et d'énergie qui les caractérisent à la fréquentation des jeunes garçons, près de qui elles ont vécu à l'école.

Bourget assure que le commerce continu des deux sexes est sans danger chez vous. Je puis dire qu'à Campua malgré les récriminations et les calomnies, on n'a pu arguer d'aucun fait qui entachât d'immoralité le système de la coéducation des sexes.

Vous savez du reste que l'exemple de vos jeunes américaines à exercé en ces derniers temps une influence énorme sur les sentiments, les allures, et le langage des jeunes filles de notre pays. Elles s'en sont autorisées pour prendre une liberté dont elles n'avaient joui jusqu'alors. Le temps n'est pas loin où il sera permis à une jeune française de sortir seule et de répondre d'elle même.

Ce sera une grande révolution dans les mœurs ; nous vous la devons, et M. Bourget avec son ouvrage d' "Outre Mer" y aura très efficacement aidé.

FRANÇOIS SARCEY.



The Month in England.—A reviewer whom circumstances have exiled to the shores of the Mediterranean can only make guesses as to the literature of the month in England. In history, Mrs. Maxwell Scott (the great-granddaughter of Sir Walter) is publishing "The Tragedy of Fotheringay." Her materials are not only the romantically buried narrative of Queen Mary's physician, but she draws on other sources hitherto left in manuscript, and

her illustrations are of fresh interest. Except in Froude, who saw in the tragedy only a piece of acting, most people respect Queen Mary in her end. She knew how to die like a queen, if she did not know how to live like a saint. The Church is said to think of canonizing her, but (to a fallible mortal) that seems a most extreme measure. In one sense she was a martyr : if she could have abjured her creed, she might have died Queen of England. But a martyr is one thing, and a saint is another. Mrs. Maxwell Scott's sentiment is where her illustrious ancestor's was, but his judgment pointed (as he says) in the very opposite direction.

A curious and useful book is Mr. Elworthy's "The Evil Eye." As one writes, comes an account, in the newspapers, of the trial of an Irish family for burning a witch, one of themselves. It is a terrible story and illustrates the persistence of superstition. That of the Evil Eye, with the traditional antidotes to its malice, is studied by Mr. Elworthy in European, African, Semitic, and other Asiatic peoples. He seems to think that he has found traces of it among the Red Indians, but here we need more evidence. Indeed, Mr. Elworthy's examples from the lower races are scanty, which is odd, as we should expect to find the belief vivacious in proportion to the remoteness and ignorance of a people. If any student of such matters glances at these lines, he may be able to add American examples which, I own, have escaped my researches. Mr. Elworthy's volume is illustrated copiously with pictures of amulets, many of them in his private collection.

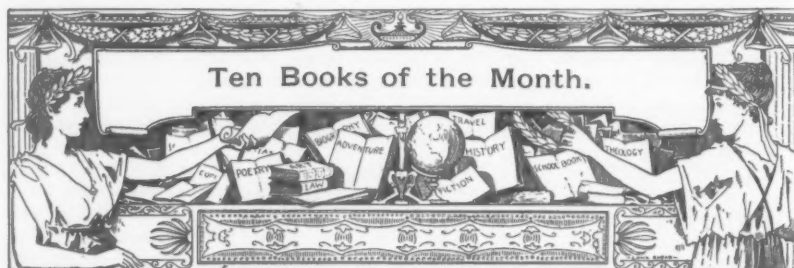
To Jacobites (and it is whispered that there are Jacobites in Boston, of all places,) one may recommend Mrs. Jenner's "When Fortune Frowns," a tale of the Forty-five. That a Cornish gentleman (as the hero is) was "out" in "the expedition of the Prince of Wales to Scotland," I find it hard to believe, but, as to the period, and the Highland manners, Mrs. Jenner has excellent sources of information. The Highlands at a much earlier period are treated of in the new volume (the fifth) of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" (Nutt). Here we have the life of the late Mr. Campbell, minister of Tiree, a lonely and antiquated island, and here are the quaint old local tales which the worthy minister collected. Mr. Nutt has lent his Celtic learning, and Lord Archibald Campbell his Celtic energy, to the production of the book. Nobody should neglect it who cares for the perishing memories of the clans.

In fiction, what is there? Indeed, I know not ! A short tale by Mrs. Humphrey Ward is promised, and we have not yet seen Mrs. Ward's art devoted to miniature, but rather displayed on canvases of heroic proportions. For the rest,

one hears of nothing: Mr. Davidson's "Earl Lavender" I have not read, being frightened away by Mr. Beardsley's very odious frontispiece. If the book is meant to be humorous, foreign students must remember that Mr. Davidson comes of a race which proverbially "jokes with difficulty," and is extremely serious without an effort.

The young men go on accusing each other, or being accused, of a too friendly partiality in criticism, and of loud, but hardly disinterested, applauses. It is not a question which I can decide, for the works of the new woman, and the like, I cannot read; so why should I read the reviews thereof? We *may* be living in a blaze of fresh genius, as the advertisements do daily and weekly declare: I wish the genius were more entertaining. In any case, I believe that no absolutely new intellect has dawned on us since I wrote last, unless it be the poet Tab, and I vainly ask for Mr. Tab on the sunny and dusty wastes of the midland sea. I understand that Mr. Hall Caine is more or less connected with a new magazine,—there are many new magazines. Besides, I owe it to the readers of *THE COSMOPOLITAN* to confess that I am still at page thirty-five of "The Manxman." Happy thought, perhaps I may find it easier reading in the Tauchnitz edition! These are extremely scanty notes, for which involuntary exile and flight before the prevailing malady must be my excuse. Besides, the intellect has hardly yet recovered from the strain of coping with Mr. A. J. Balfour on theology, and Professor Huxley on Mr. A. J. Balfour.

ANDREW LANG.



FICTION.—WITH THE PROCESSION, by Henry B. Fuller. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.

MASTER AND MAN, by Count Leo Tolstoy. With an Introduction by W. D. Howells. D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents.

UNDER SEALED ORDERS, by Grant Allen. 3 vols. Chatto & Windus, London.

HISTORICAL.—THE MISSISSIPPI BASIN. The struggle in America between England and France. 1697-1763. With full centographical illustrations from contemporary sources. By Justin Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4.00.

LOUIS XIV., AND THE ZENITH OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY, by Arthur Has-

sall. Heroes of Nations Series. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.

LITERARY.—SUPPRESSED CHAPTERS AND OTHER BOOKISHNESS, by Robert Bridges (Droch). Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

STUDIES OF MEN, by George W. Smalley. Harper & Brothers.

PHILOSOPHIC AND SCIENTIFIC.—EVOLUTION AND EFFORT, by Edmund Kelly, M.A., F.G.S. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

BIOGRAPHICAL.—THE RIGHT HONORABLE WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE. A Study from Life, by Henry W. Lucy. Roberts Brothers. \$1.25.

MY LITERARY PASSIONS, by W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.





Physical Training.—In spite of the furore in the schools and colleges over athletic sports during the last quarter of a century, in spite of the magnificent gymnasiums, the athletic club-houses, and the enthusiasm awakened throughout the country over foot-ball, rowing, and track athletics, not one step has been taken by the faculty of any college looking to the oversight of the physical condition of the mass of its students. There is, here and there,

a university or college which pays a salary to a physician or athletic trainer, but the attention of these "professors" is devoted to those few athletes who happen to be ambitious and able to excel their brethren in the same institution, or make up an athletic "team" superior to that of some rival college. Take even Harvard and Yale, and a cursory investigation of the facts will show that possibly two per cent. of the whole number of students receive attention because they excel in rowing, possibly five per cent. because they can play base-ball well enough to be valuable to their college, and not far from the same percentage because they have the muscle, pluck, and ambition to make successful members or substitutes in a 'varsity, or class, foot-ball eleven. In track athletics, it is possible that one-tenth of the students receive some attention from the college physician or athletic trainer, but all these classes which I have mentioned are precisely those which do not, for the sake of health or symmetrical physical development, need special attention. It is the other unfortunate ninety per cent. whose physical condition the authorities ought to investigate, and to whom they should supply, where deficiencies exist, the necessary training to make them good.

The average boy or girl does not have what may be fairly considered the normal lung capacity, yet, nobody in the schools is actually taught how to breathe properly. The result is that, if the growing body is permitted to attain its full physical growth without special attention, the time may come when it will be impossible to correct any deficiency. What is true of the lungs, is true of the various weaknesses of the heart, of imperfectly developed muscles, of distorted shoulders, and abnormal shapes of the chest walls.

In no college, and in only one or two schools in the country, does there exist to-day a systematic course in physical training, in which full physical measurements are made twice each year, including a special examination of the heart, lungs, and eyes, upon which examination as a basis, special class work is conducted in the gymnasium and out of doors, and proper individual attention is given to every student. In a well-balanced system of education the aim should be to secure the development of the boy, first, in point of morality; second, in his

physical condition, and third, in his intellect. Without attention to the moral side, all other education is, of course, valueless. Without intelligent physical training, you cannot secure the maximum of intellectual development, yet, in our admirable system of public schools, in the private institutions, and in the colleges, the neglect of physical training for the non-athlete, the consumptive, and the anemic student, is simply atrocious. It would be a saving of hundreds of lives annually to the land, to say nothing of the added stimulus to intellectual and scientific progress, if laws could be passed in all the states, requiring the appointment of an expert medical examiner to every school, under whose guidance judicious physical training could be given, the greater part of which would require no apparatus, but only intelligent direction.

JOHN S. WHITE.



The Arc-light and the Sun.—The temperature of the sun, as estimated by different persons employing different methods, has varied from two or three thousand degrees to several millions. The brilliancy of sunlight makes it extremely difficult to measure its brightness by comparison with ordinary terrestrial standards, but it appears to be not very different from the brightness of a good electric arc-lamp. How much energy is radiated by the sun

is very well known now, and is reckoned to be about 10,000 horse-power per square foot of its surface. At the earth, we receive only one-third of a horse-power per square foot, and of this about one-third is absorbed by the atmosphere, so out of the 10,000 horse-power we get at the surface of the earth but about the fourth of one horse-power.

A good electric arc can be maintained by the expenditure of six-tenths of a horse-power. The brightest part of the arc is a small area within the crater of the positive carbon. The temperature of this brightest part has been found to be constant with a value of 6300° Fahrenheit, and the area of this brightest spot is no more than the tenth of an inch square in such an arc. A stronger current does not make the spot brighter or hotter; it only makes its area larger, and this is the place which radiates the most of the energy and is comparable with the sun for brightness.

An arc having a similar bright surface a foot square would radiate $100 \times 144 \times .6 = 8640$ horse-power, which is nearly the observed amount from the sun. The tenth of an inch square for the dimensions of the bright spot is a very liberal estimate for an arc taking six-tenths of a horse-power. If it should be reckoned to be a trifle smaller, say the twelfth of an inch square, then the resulting figures would be, for a square foot, $144 \times 144 \times .6 = 12,441$ horse-power, which is in excess of the sun's rate. From these facts it seems clear that the temperature of the sun does not need to exceed that in an electric arc, or 6300°, in order to shine as brilliantly and radiate the observed amount of energy.

A. E. DOLBEAR.



Protection against Fire-losses.—Protection against fire is sought in two ways: one attempts to prevent the outbreak of fires, the other aims at the prompt extinction of fires under way. Chemistry contributes largely to both methods, and it is to the most recent and successful of such contributions that principal reference will here be made.

Prevention of the outbreak of fire is accomplished either by using incombustible material in construction, or by rendering the material used in construction and ornamentation more difficult of combustion by chemical means. The textile fabrics used in the fittings and decorations of buildings are prevented from burning readily by impregnating them with one or more chemical substances. The salts now most generally used and offering most protection to fabrics, are the chlorides of magnesium, zinc, calcium, and ammonium;

the sulphates of ammonium, magnesium, and zinc; the phosphates of hydrogen, ammonium, calcium, and sodium; the silicates, borates, and tungstates of sodium, and common alum. The fabrics are rendered non-inflammable by steeping them in a solution of two or more of these salts. Theatrical scenery, and the very inflammable dress-material of actresses, are very generally protected in this way at the present time.

When wood is impregnated with solutions of certain of these salts, it is also rendered less inflammable. Wood thoroughly impregnated with calcium or barium sulphate has long been and still is largely used in England, this treatment offering protection against fire and adding to its durability. The protection of wood is also frequently secured by the external application of chemical salts. Among the best of these are potassium and sodium silicates (soluble glass), sodium tungstate, and magnesium borate. The most recent, and one of the best, external protectors consists of finely-ground asbestos, water-glass, and sodium aluminate. There are also several asbestos paints which greatly tend to prevent inflammability.

Among the means that have been recently introduced for extinguishing fires, there are two that have given excellent results. Weidig's extinguisher, which has been extensively tested during the past eighteen months, consists of two casks, one containing liquefied carbon-dioxide, the other liquid ammonia. From the first a water-tank can be charged with carbonic acid at any desired pressure. In its exit from the tank, the charged water meets the ammonia gas from the ammonia tank. The ejected water is thus heavily charged with ammonia carbonate, and is found to be very efficient in extinguishing flame.

The other recent method of extinguishing flame, and which is only applicable when the fire is in a confined space, consists in filling the space with the inert gases which issue from boiler or other combustion flues. This method has proven very efficient in several industrial establishments.

The importance of protection against fire is shown by the statement that the annual loss by fire of insured property throughout the world amounts to about two hundred millions of dollars, and over two-fifths of this loss is suffered by the United States. The fire-loss of the United States amounts to about one-fifth of the net profits of all the industries of the country.

S. E. TILLMAN.



Spectroscopic News from Saturn.—One of the prettiest bits of recent astronomical work is Professor Keeler's spectroscopic verification of the so-called "meteoric theory" of Saturn's rings.

More than forty years ago, in 1851, the Harvard college astronomers, Bond and Peirce, proved that the rings could not possibly be solid, and the latter suggested that they might be liquid.

Later, in 1859, Clerk Maxwell, in his remarkable paper that won the Adams prize, demonstrated that the rings could not maintain a permanent existence if they were continuous sheets, either solid or liquid, but that they might present the actual appearances and be "stable," if they were composed of small, separate bits of matter moving in the plane of the planet's equator, and in nearly circular orbits, like so many independent satellites. The idea of such a constitution of the rings was by no means new, having been suggested more than a hundred years earlier by Roberval, Cassini, and Wright, but it had never gained much currency, and had been quite forgotten; since Maxwell's time, however, it has been the "accepted" theory, and has received many confirmations (and no contradictions) from several different lines of observation, though none of these confirmations could be considered as amounting to quite such a positive demonstration as that now supplied by Keeler.

Obviously, if the rings consisted of continuous sheets of matter, revolving as a coherent whole, the outer edge of each ring must move more swiftly than

the inner; if, on the other hand, they consist of independent "satellites," the reverse will be the case, since, according to Kepler's law, planets or satellites near their primary must always travel faster than those that are more remote.

Now this is something that can be tested with the spectroscope. On the eastern side of the planet's center all its satellites, the whirling rings, and the surface of the planet itself, are rushing toward us, and, therefore, in their spectra all the spectral lines are shifted toward the violet by an amount depending upon the speed, according to Doppler's well-known principle. West of the planet's center everything is reversed. It has been extremely difficult, however, to secure the needed observations because of the smallness of the telescopic image of the planet, the yellowness of its light, so unfavorable to photography, and the minuteness of the displacement of the spectral lines upon which everything depends. But the ingenuity and patience of Mr. Keeler have triumphed over the obstacles, and with a two hours' exposure upon orthochromatic plates he has secured photographs of the spectrum of the planet and its rings which show clearly all the motions that theory indicates: the lines run crookedly across the spectrum in such a way as to prove that the particles which compose the rings move more slowly than the planet's surface, that at the inner edge of the ring the speed is greater than at the outer, and that, far within the limits of observational error, the velocity at each point in the ring is just what a satellite should have at that distance from Saturn's center.

C. A. YOUNG.



Nature's Method of Refining Gold.—It is a fact well known to gold miners, but to few others, that in the same river channel the smaller pieces of water-worn gold are purer than the larger ones. It is also true that the exterior layer of the water-worn nuggets is finer than the interior. This phenomenon is easily explained. Native gold always contains silver, and, on the average, about one-tenth of a nugget consists of the white metal. This is much more easily corroded than the gold, and is attacked, for example, by sulphureted hydrogen and by common salt, both ordinary ingredients of surface waters. Such substances act on the silver close to the surface of a nugget and dissolve it away, or convert it into brittle compounds which wear away as the nugget is rolled forward beneath the heavy stones at the bottom of a stream.

These facts are not altogether commonplace to-day, and yet the more essential of them have been known since ancient times. Thus Pliny announced that river gold is refined by the stream itself, and by the attrition accompanying the movement of the metallic particles down stream. Oviedo, the companion of Columbus, had a curiously sound view of the whole history of gold. In his "History of the Indies," printed in 1535, one finds statements to the following effect: gold is generated in the entrails of the earth, but it is born in veins at or near the tops of the mountains, whence the storm waters sweep it slowly downwards into the gulches and ravines. As it progresses in its journey, it loses its originally rough and crinkled configuration, becoming rounded and at the same time purified, so that in one and the same stream-bed it is found of greater purity in proportion as the distance from its birthplace (the vein) increases, but also in less abundance. Hence he concludes that much time, in fact many years, are requisite to effect its transportation and its purification through the action of water.

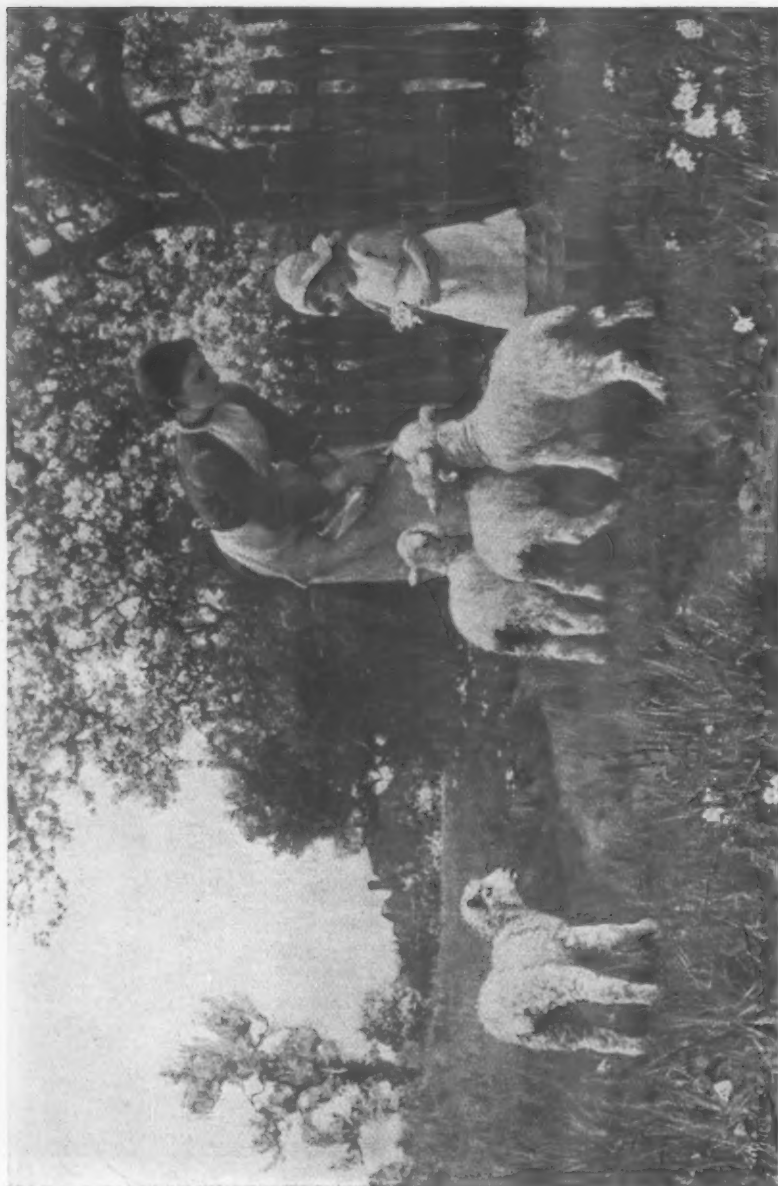
Oviedo's wording is even more quaint than this paraphrase, but his ideas are as modern as the latest graduate could desire. Well, after all, medieval miners are the intellectual ancestors of modern geologists.

GEORGE F. BECKER.



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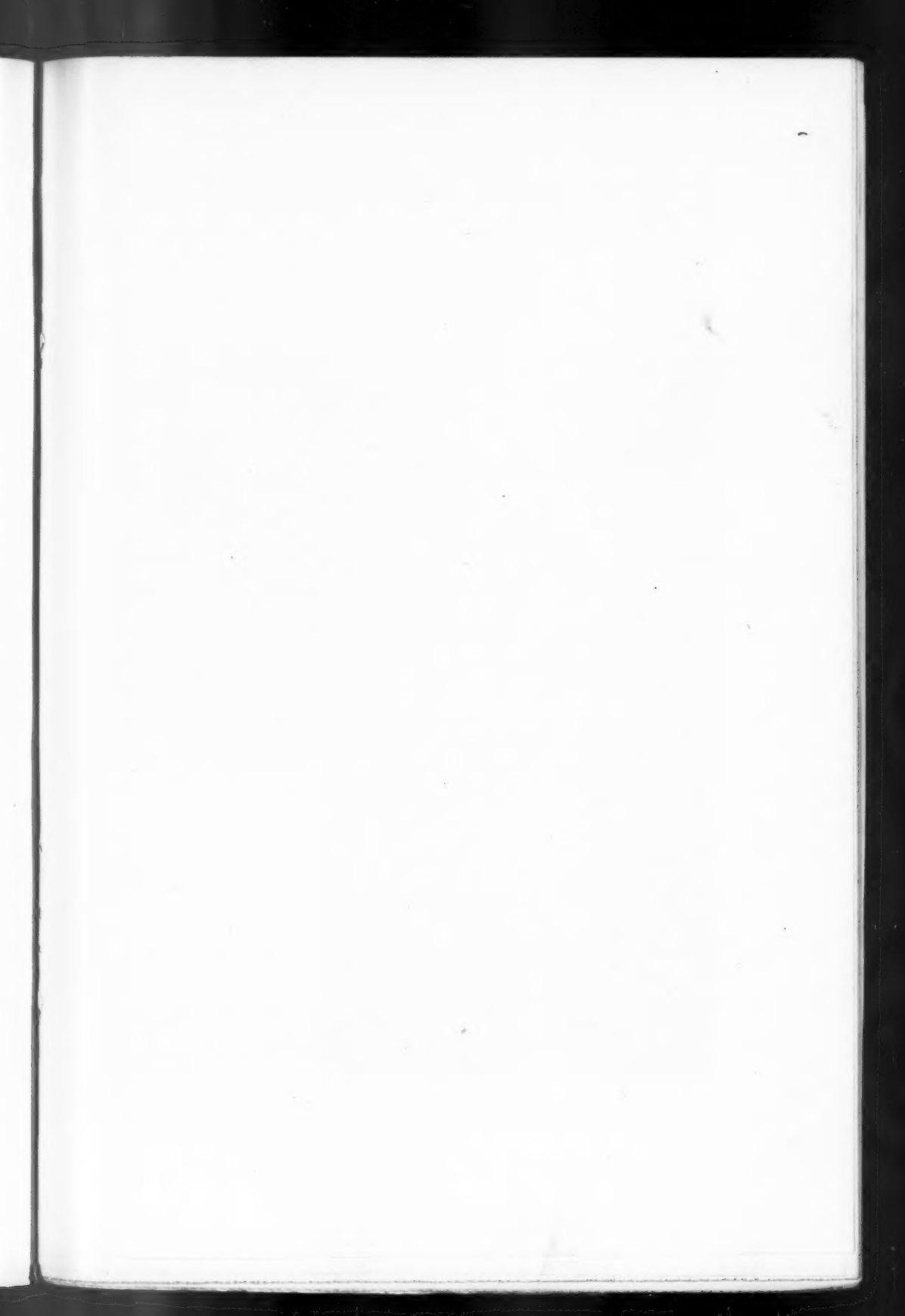


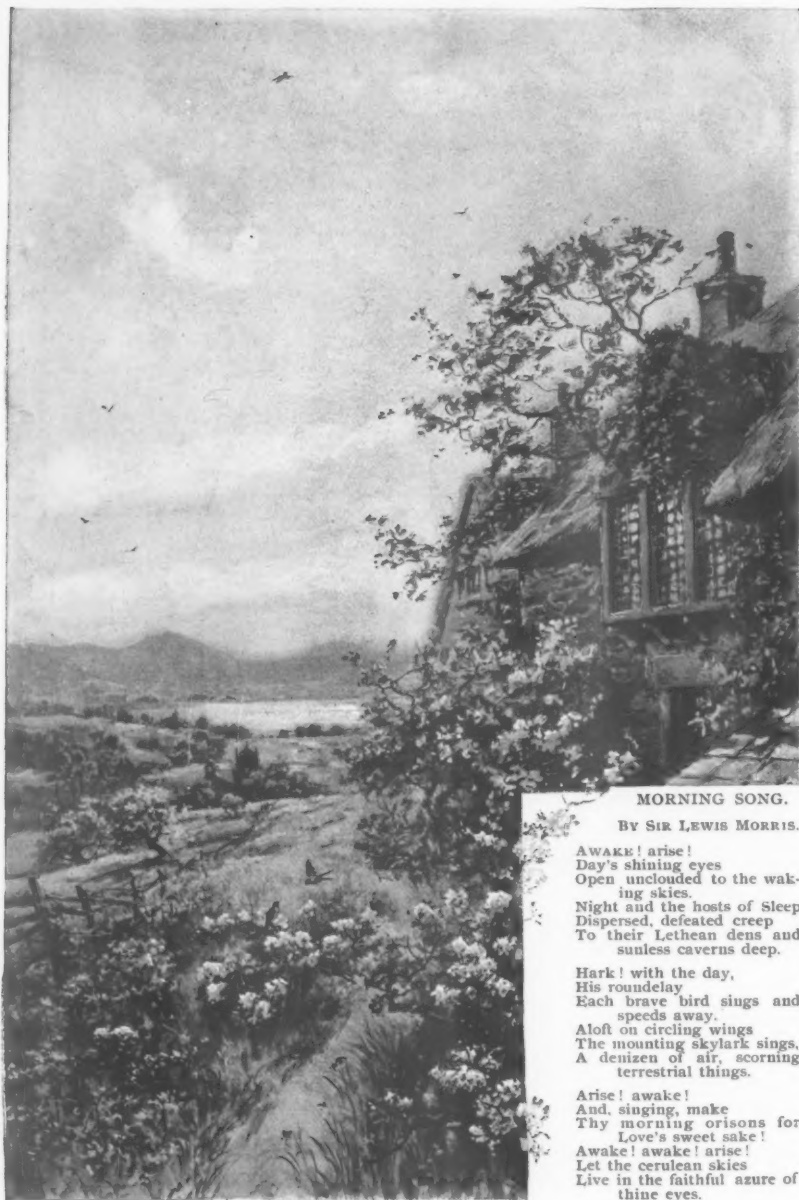
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Drawn by W. Hamilton Gibson.

MORNING SONG.

BY SIR LEWIS MORRIS.

AWAKE! arise!
Day's shining eyes
Open, unclouded to the wak-
ing skies.
Night and the hosts of Sleep
Dispersed, defeated creep
To their Lethæan dens and
sunless caverns deep.

Hark! with the day,
His roundelay
Each brave bird sings and
speeds away.
Aloft on circling wings
The mounting skylark sings,
A denizen of air, scorning
terrestrial things.

Arise! awake!
And, singing, make
Thy morning orisons for
Love's sweet sake!
Awake! awake! arise!
Let the cerulean skies
Live in the faithful azure of
thine eyes.